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AND OTHER ESSAYS

BY

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Selected and Edited

BY MARY A. JORDAN

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EDITED BY

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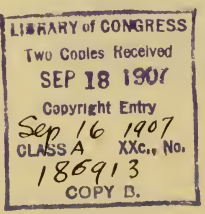
CONTENTS



HISTORY

THERE is no great and no small [1]
To the Soul that maketh all:
And where it cometh, all things are;
And it cometh everywhere.

I AM the owner of the sphere,[2]
Of the seven stars and the solar year,
Of Cæsar's hand, and Plato's brain,
Of Lord Christ's heart, and Shakspeare's strain.

HISTORY

THERE is one mind common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same and to all of the same. He that is once admitted to the right of reason is made a freeman of the whole estate. What Plato has thought, he may think; what a saint has felt, he may feel; what at any time has befallen any man, he can understand. Who hath access to this universal mind is a party to all that is or can be done, for this is the only and sovereign agent.

Of the works of this mind history is the record. Its genius is illustrated by the entire series of days. Man is explicable by nothing less than all his history. Without hurry, without rest, the human spirit goes forth from the beginning to embody every faculty, every thought, every emotion which belongs to it, in appropriate events. But the thought is always prior to the fact; all the facts of history [3] preëxist in the mind as laws. Each law in turn is made by circumstances predominant, and the limits of nature give power to but one at a time. A man is the whole encylopædia of facts. The creation of a thousand forests is in one acorn, and Egypt, Greece, Rome, Gaul, Britain, America, lie folded already in the first man. Epoch after epoch, camp, kingdom, empire, republic, democracy, are merely the application of his manifold spirit to the manifold world.

This human mind wrote history, and this must read it. The Sphinx must solve her own riddle. If the whole

of history is in one man, it is all to be explained from individual experience. There is a relation between the hours of our life and the centuries of time. As the air I breathe is drawn from the great repositories of nature, as the light on my book is yielded by a star a hundred millions of miles distant, as the poise of my body depends on the equilibrium of centrifugal and centripetal forces, so the hours should be instructed by the ages and the ages explained by the hours. Of the universal mind each individual man is one more incarnation. All its properties consist [4] in him. Each new fact in his private experience flashes a light on what great bodies of men have done, and the crises of his life refer to national crises. Every revolution [5] was first a thought in one man's mind, and when the same thought occurs to another man, it is the key to that era. Every reform was once a private opinion,[6] and when it shall be a private opinion again it will solve the problem of the age. The fact narrated must correspond to something in me to be credible or intelligible. We, as we read, must become Greeks, Romans, Turks, priest and king, martyr and executioner; must fasten these images to some reality in our secret experience, or we shall learn nothing rightly. What befell [7] Asdrubal or Cæsar Borgia [8] is as much an illustration of the mind's powers and depravations as what has befallen us. Each new law and political movement has a meaning for you. Stand before each of its tablets and say, 'Under this mask did my Proteus nature hide itself.' This remedies the defect of our too great nearness to ourselves. This throws our actions into perspective, — and as crabs, goats, scorpions, the balance and the waterpot lose their meanness when hung as signs in the zodiac, so I can see my own vices without

heat in the distant persons of Solomon, Alcibiades, and Catiline.

It is the universal nature which gives worth to particular men and things. Human life, as containing this, is mysterious and inviolable, and we hedge it round with penalties and laws. All laws derive hence their ultimate reason; all express more or less distinctly some command of this supreme, illimitable essence. Property also holds of the soul, covers great spiritual facts, and instinctively we at first hold to it with swords and laws and wide and complex combinations. The obscure consciousness of this fact is the light of all our day,[9] the claim of claims; the plea for education, for justice, for charity; the foundation of friendship and love and of the heroism and grandeur which belong to acts of self-reliance. It is remarkable that involuntarily we always read as superior beings.[10] Universal history, the poets, the romancers, do not in their stateliest pictures, — in the sacerdotal, the imperial palaces, in the triumphs of will or of genius, — anywhere lose our ear, anywhere make us feel that we intrude, that this is for better men; but rather is it true that in their grandest strokes we feel most at home. All that Shakspeare says of the king, yonder slip of a boy that reads in the corner feels to be true of himself. We sympathize in the great moments of history, in the great discoveries, the great resistances, the great prosperities of men; — because there law was enacted, the sea was searched, the land was found, or the blow was struck, *for us*, as we ourselves in that place would have done or applauded.

We have the same interest in condition and character. We honor the rich because they have externally the freedom, power, and grace which we feel to be pro-

per to man, proper to us. So all that is said of the wise man by Stoic or Oriental or modern essayist, describes to each reader his own idea, describes his unattained but attainable self. All literature writes the character of the wise man. Books, monuments, pictures, conversation, are portraits in which he finds the lineaments he is forming. The silent and the eloquent praise him and accost him, and he is stimulated wherever he moves, as by personal allusions. A true aspirant therefore never needs look for allusions personal and laudatory [11] in discourse. He hears the commendation, not of himself, but, more sweet, of that character he seeks, in every word that is said concerning character, yea further in every fact and circumstance, — in the running river and the rustling corn. Praise is looked, homage tendered, love flows, from mute nature, from the mountains and the lights of the firmament.

These hints, dropped as it were from sleep and night, let us use in broad day. The student is to read history actively and not passively; to esteem his own life the text, and books the commentary. Thus compelled, the Muse of history will utter oracles, as never to those who do not respect themselves. I have no expectation that any man will read history aright who thinks that what was done in a remote age, by men whose names have resounded far, has any deeper sense than what he is doing to-day.

The world exists for the education of each man. There is no age or state of society or mode of action in history to which there is not somewhat corresponding in his life. Everything tends in a wonderful manner to abbreviate itself and yield its own virtue to him. He should see that he can live all history in his own person. He must sit solidly at home, and not suffer

himself to be bullied by kings or empires, but know that he is greater than all the geography and all the government of the world; he must transfer the point of view from which history is commonly read, from Rome and Athens and London, to himself, and not deny his conviction that he is the court, and if England or Egypt have anything to say to him he will try the case; if not, let them forever be silent. He must attain and maintain that lofty sight where facts yield their secret sense, and poetry and annals are alike. The instinct of the mind, the purpose of nature, betrays itself in the use we make of the signal narrations of history. Time dissipates to shining ether the solid angularity of facts. No anchor, no cable, no fences avail to keep a fact a fact. Babylon, Troy, Tyre, Palestine, and even early Rome are passing already into fiction. The Garden of Eden, the sun standing still in Gibeon,[12] is poetry thenceforward to all nations. Who cares what the fact was, when we have made a constellation of it to hang in heaven an immortal sign? London and Paris and New York must go the same way. "What is history," said Napoleon, "but a fable agreed upon?" This life of ours is stuck round with Egypt, Greece, Gaul, England, War, Colonization, Church, Court and Commerce, as with so many flowers and wild ornaments grave and gay. I will not make more account of them. I believe in Eternity. I can find Greece, Asia, Italy, Spain and the Islands, — the genius and creative principle of each and of all eras, in my own mind.

We are always coming up with the emphatic facts of history in our private experience and verifying them here. All history becomes subjective; in other words there is properly no history, only biography. Every

mind must know the whole lesson for itself, — must go over the whole ground. What it does not see, what it does not live, it will not know. What the former age has epitomized into a formula or rule for manipular convenience it will lose all the good of verifying for itself, by means of the wall of that rule. Somewhere, sometime, it will demand and find compensation for that loss, by doing the work itself. Ferguson discovered many things in astronomy which had long been known. The better for him.

History must be this or it is nothing. Every law which the state enacts indicates a fact in human nature; that is all. We must in ourselves see the necessary reason of every fact, — see how it could and must be. So stand before every public and private work; before an oration of Burke, before a victory of Napoleon, before a martyrdom of Sir Thomas More, of Sidney, of Marmaduke Robinson;[13] before a French Reign of Terror, and a Salem hanging of witches; before a fanatic Revival and the Animal Magnetism in Paris, or in Providence. We assume that we under like influence should be alike affected, and should achieve the like; and we aim to master intellectually the steps and reach the same height or the same degradation that our fellow, our proxy has done.

All inquiry into antiquity, all curiosity respecting the Pyramids, the excavated cities, Stonehenge, the Ohio Circles, Mexico, Memphis,[14] — is the desire to do away this wild, savage, and preposterous There or Then, and introduce in its place the Here and the Now. Belzoni [15] digs and measures in the mummy-pits and pyramids of Thebes until he can see the end of the difference between the monstrous work and himself. When he has satisfied himself, in general and in detail,

that it was made by such a person as he, so armed and so motived, and to ends to which he himself should also have worked, the problem is solved; his thought lives along the whole line of temples and sphinxes and catacombs, passes through them all with satisfaction, and they live again to the mind, or are *now*.[16]

A Gothic cathedral affirms that it was done by us and not done by us. Surely it was by man, but we find it not in our man. But we apply ourselves to the history of its production. We put ourselves into the place and state of the builder. We remember the forest-dwellers, the first temples, the adherence to the first type, and the decoration of it as the wealth of the nation increased; the value which is given to wood by carving led to the carving over the whole mountain of stone of a cathedral. When we have gone through this process, and added thereto the Catholic Church, its cross, its music, its processions, its Saints' days and image-worship, we have as it were been the man that made the minster; we have seen how it could and must be. We have the sufficient reason.

The difference between men is in their principle of association. Some men classify objects by color and size and other accidents of appearance; others by intrinsic likeness, or by the relation of cause and effect. The progress of the intellect is to the clearer vision of causes, which neglects surface differences. To the poet, to the philosopher, to the saint, all things are friendly and sacred, all events profitable, all days holy, all men divine. For the eye is fastened on the life, and slights the circumstance. Every chemical substance, every plant, every animal in its growth, teaches the unity of cause, the variety of appearance.

Upborne and surrounded as we are by this all-creat-

ing nature, soft and fluid as a cloud or the air, why should we be such hard pedants, and magnify a few forms? Why should we make account of time, or of magnitude, or of figure? The soul knows them not, and genius, obeying its law, knows how to play with them as a young child plays with graybeards and in churches. Genius studies the causal thought, and far back in the womb of things sees the rays parting from one orb, that diverge, ere they fall, by infinite diameters. Genius watches the monad [17] through all his masks as he performs the metempsychosis of nature. Genius detects through the fly, through the caterpillar, through the grub, through the egg, the constant individual; through countless individuals the fixed species; through many species the genus; through all genera the steadfast type; through all the kingdoms of organized life the eternal unity. Nature is a mutable cloud which is always and never the same. She casts the same thought into troops of forms, as a poet makes twenty fables with one moral. Through the bruteness [18] and toughness of matter, a subtle spirit bends all things to its own will. The adamant streams into soft but precise form before it, and whilst I look at it its outline and texture are changed again. Nothing is so fleeting as form; yet never does it quite deny itself. In man we still trace the remains or hints of all that we esteem badges of servitude in the lower races; yet in him they enchance his nobleness and grace; as Io, in Æschylus,[19] transformed to a cow, offends the imagination; but how changed when as Isis in Egypt she meets Osiris-Jove, a beautiful woman with nothing of the metamorphosis left but the lunar horns as the splendid ornament of her brows!

The identity of history is equally intrinsic, the diver-

sity equally obvious. There is, at the surface, infinite variety of things; at the centre there is simplicity of cause. How many are the acts of one man in which we recognize the same character! Observe the sources of our information in respect to the Greek genius. We have the *civil history* of that people, as Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, and Plutarch [20] have given it; a very sufficient account of what manner of persons they were and what they did. We have the same national mind expressed for us again in their *literature*,[21] in epic and lyric poems, drama, and philosophy; a very complete form. Then we have it once more in their *architecture*, a beauty as of temperance itself, limited to the straight line and the square, — a builded geometry. Then we have it once again in *sculpture*, the "tongue on the balance of expression," [22] a multitude of forms in the utmost freedom of action and never transgressing the ideal serenity; like votaries performing some religious dance before the gods, and, though in convulsive pain or mortal combat, never daring to break the figure and decorum of their dance. Thus of the genius of one remarkable people we have a fourfold representation: and to the senses what more unlike than an ode of Pindar, a marble centaur, the peristyle of the Parthenon, and the last actions of Phocion?

Every one must have observed faces and forms which, without any resembling feature, make a like impression on the beholder. A particular picture or copy of verses, if it do not awaken the same train of images, will yet superinduce the same sentiment as some wild mountain walk, although the resemblance is nowise obvious to the senses, but is occult and out of the reach of the understanding. Nature is an endless combination and repetition of a very few laws.

She hums the old well-known air through innumerable variations.[23]

Nature is full of a sublime family likeness throughout her works, and delights in startling us with resemblances in the most unexpected quarters. I have seen the head of an old sachem of the forest which at once reminded the eye of a bald mountain summit, and the furrows of the brow suggested the strata of the rock.[24] There are men whose manners have the same essential splendor as the simple and awful sculpture on the friezes of the Parthenon and the remains of the earliest Greek art. And there are compositions of the same strain to be found in the books of all ages. What is Guido's Rospigliosi Aurora [25] but a morning thought, as the horses in it are only a morning cloud? If any one will but take pains to observe the variety of actions to which he is equally inclined in certain moods of mind and those to which he is averse, he will see how deep is the chain of affinity.

A painter told me that nobody could draw a tree without in some sort becoming a tree; or draw a child by studying the outlines of its form merely, — but by watching for a time his motions and plays, the painter enters into his nature and can then draw him at will in every attitude. So Roos [26] "entered into the inmost nature of a sheep." I knew a draughtsman employed in a public survey who found that he could not sketch the rocks until their geological structure was first explained to him.[27] In a certain state of thought is the common origin of very diverse works. It is the spirit and not the fact that is identical. By a deeper apprehension, and not primarily by a painful acquisition of many manual skills, the artist attains the power of awakening other souls to a given activity.

It has been said that "common souls pay with what they do, nobler souls with that which they are." [28] And why? Because a profound nature awakens in us by its actions and words, by its very looks and manners, the same power and beauty that a gallery of sculpture or of pictures addresses.

Civil and natural history, the history of art and of literature, must be explained from individual history, or must remain words. There is nothing but is related to us, nothing that does not interest us, — kingdom, college, tree, horse, or iron shoe, — the roots of all things are in man. Santa Croce and the Dome of St. Peter's are lame copies after a divine model.[29] Strasburg Cathedral is a material counterpart of the soul of Erwin of Steinbach.[30] The true poem is the poet's mind; the true ship is the ship-builder. In the man, could we lay him open, we should see the reason for the last flourish and tendril of his work; as every spine and tint in the sea-shell preëxists in the secreting organs of the fish. The whole of heraldry and of chivalry is in courtesy. A man of fine manners shall pronounce your name with all the ornament that titles of nobility could ever add.

The trivial experience of every day is always verifying some old prediction to us and converting into things the words and signs which we had heard and seen without heed. A lady with whom I was riding in the forest said to me that the woods always seemed to her *to wait*, as if the genii who inhabit them suspended their deeds until the wayfarer had passed onward; a thought which poetry has celebrated in the dance of the fairies, which breaks off on the approach of human feet. The man who has seen the rising moon break out of the clouds at midnight, has been present like an archangel

at the creation of light and of the world. I remember one summer day in the fields my companion pointed out to me a broad cloud, which might extend a quarter of a mile parallel to the horizon, quite accurately in the form of a cherub as painted over churches, a round block in the centre, which it was easy to animate with eyes and mouth, supported on either side by wide-stretched symmetrical wings.[31] What appears once in the atmosphere may appear often, and it was undoubtedly the archetype of that familiar ornament. I have seen in the sky a chain of summer lightning which at once showed to me that the Greeks drew from nature when they painted the thunderbolt in the hand of Jove. I have seen a snow-drift [32] along the sides of the stone wall which obviously gave the idea of the common architectural scroll to abut a tower.[33]

By surrounding ourselves with the original circumstances we invent anew the orders and the ornaments of architecture, as we see how each people merely decorated its primitive abodes. The Doric temple preserves the semblance of the wooden cabin in which the Dorian dwelt. The Chinese pagoda is plainly a Tartar tent. The Indian and Egyptian temples still betray the mounds and subterranean houses of their forefathers. "The custom of making houses and tombs in the living rock," says Heeren [34] in his Researches on the Ethopians, "determined very naturally the principal character of the Nubian Egyptian architecture to the colossal form which it assumed. In these caverns, already prepared by nature, the eye was accustomed to dwell on huge shapes and masses, so that when art came to the assistance of nature it could not move on a small scale without degrading itself. What would statues of the usual size, or neat porches and wings

have been, associated with those gigantic halls before which only Colossi could sit as watchmen or lean on the pillars of the interior?"

The Gothic church plainly originated in a rude adaptation of the forest trees, with all their boughs, to a festal or solemn arcade; as the bands about the cleft pillars still indicate the green withes that tied them. No one can walk in a road cut through pine woods, without being struck with the architectural appearance of the grove, especially in winter, when the barrenness of all other trees shows the low arch of the Saxons. In the woods in a winter afternoon one will see as readily the origin of the stained glass window, with which the Gothic cathedrals are adorned, in the colors of the western sky seen through the bare and crossing branches of the forest. Nor can any lover of nature enter the old piles of Oxford and the English cathedrals, without feeling that the forest overpowered the mind of the builder, and that his chisel, his saw and plane still reproduced its ferns, its spikes of flowers, its locust, elm, oak, pine, fir and spruce.

The Gothic cathedral is a blossoming in stone subdued by the insatiable demand of harmony in man. The mountain of granite blooms into an eternal flower, with the lightness and delicate finish as well as the aerial proportions and perspective of vegetable beauty.

In like manner all public facts are to be individualized, all private facts are to be generalized. Then at once History becomes fluid and true, and Biography deep and sublime. As the Persian imitated in the slender shafts and capitals of his architecture the stem and flower of the lotus and palm, so the Persian court in its magnificent era never gave over the nomadism of its barbarous tribes, but travelled from Ecbatana,

where the spring was spent, to Susa in summer and to Babylon for the winter.

In the early history of Asia and Africa, Nomadism and Agriculture are the two antagonist facts. The geography of Asia and of Africa necessitated a nomadic life. But the nomads were the terror of all those whom the soil or the advantages of a market had induced to build towns. Agriculture therefore was a religious injunction, because of the perils of the state from nomadism. And in these late and civil countries of England and America these propensities still fight out the old battle, in the nation and in the individual. The nomads of Africa were constrained to wander, by the attacks of the gad-fly, which drives the cattle mad, and so compels the tribe to emigrate in the rainy season and to drive off the cattle to the higher sandy regions. The nomads of Asia follow the pasturage from month to month. In America and Europe the nomadism is of trade and curiosity; a progress, certainly, from the gad-fly of Astaboras [35] to the Anglo and Italomania of Boston Bay. Sacred cities, to which a periodical religious pilgrimage was enjoined, or stringent laws and customs tending to invigorate the national bond, were the check on the old rovers; and the cumulative values of long residence are the restraints on the itinerancy of the present day. The antagonism of the two tendencies is not less active in individuals, as the love of adventure or the love of repose happens to predominate. A man of rude health and flowing spirits has the faculty of rapid domestication, lives in his wagon and roams through all latitudes as easily as a Calmuc.[36] At sea, or in the forest, or in the snow, he sleeps as warm, dines with as good appetite, and associates as happily as beside his own chimneys. Or

perhaps his facility is deeper seated, in the increased range of his faculties of observation, which yield him points of interest wherever fresh objects meet his eyes. The pastoral nations were needy and hungry to desperation; and this intellectual nomadism, in its excess, bankrupts [37] the mind through the dissipation of power on a miscellany of objects. The home-keeping wit, on the other hand, is that continence or content which finds all the elements of life in its own soil; and which has its own perils of monotony and deterioration, if not stimulated by foreign infusions.

Everything the individual sees without him corresponds to his states of mind, and everything is in turn intelligible to him, as his onward thinking leads him into the truth to which that fact or series belongs.

The primeval world, —the Fore-World,[38] as the Germans say, — I can dive to it in myself as well as grope for it with researching fingers in catacombs, libraries, and the broken reliefs and torsos of ruined villas.

What is the foundation of that interest all men feel in Greek history, letters, art and poetry, in all its periods from the Heroic or Homeric age down to the domestic life of the Athenians and Spartans, four or five centuries later? What but this, that every man passes personally through a Grecian period. The Grecian state is the era of the bodily nature, the perfection of the senses, — of the spiritual nature unfolded in strict unity with the body. In it existed those human forms which supplied the sculptor with his models of Hercules, Phœbus and Jove; not like the forms abounding in the streets of modern cities, wherein the face is a confused blur of features, but composed of incorrupt, sharply defined and symmetrical features, whose eye-sockets are so formed that it would be im-

possible for such eyes to squint and take furtive glances on this side and on that, but they must turn the whole head. The manners of that period are plain and fierce. The reverence exhibited is for personal qualities; courage, address, self-command, justice, strength, swiftness, a loud voice, a broad chest. Luxury and elegance are not known. A sparse population and want make every man his own valet, cook, butcher and soldier, and the habit of supplying his own needs educates the body to wonderful performances. Such are the Agamemnon and Diomed of Homer, and not far different is the picture Xenophon gives of himself and his compatriots in the Retreat of the Ten Thousand. "After the army had crossed the river Teleboas in Armenia, there fell much snow, and the troops lay miserably on the ground covered with it. But Xenophon arose naked, and taking an axe, began to split wood; whereupon others rose and did the like." Throughout his army exists a boundless liberty of speech. They quarrel for plunder, they wrangle with the generals on each new order, and Xenophon is as sharp-tongued as any and sharper-tongued than most, and so gives as good as he gets. Who does not see that this is a gang of great boys, with such a code of honor and such lax discipline as great boys have?

The costly charm [39] of the ancient tragedy, and indeed of all the old literature, is that the persons speak simply, — speak as persons who have great good sense without knowing it, before yet the reflective habit has become the predominant habit of the mind. Our admiration of the antique is not admiration of the old, but of the natural. The Greeks are not reflective, but perfect in their senses and in their health, with the finest physical organization in the world. Adults

acted with the simplicity and grace of children. They made vases, tragedies and statues,[40] such as healthy senses should, — that is, in good taste. Such things have continued to be made in all ages, and are now, wherever a healthy physique exists; but, as a class, from their superior organization, they have surpassed all. They combine the energy of manhood with the engaging unconsciousness of childhood. The attraction of these manners is that they belong to man, and are known to every man in virtue of his being once a child; besides that there are always individuals who retain these characteristics. A person of childlike genius and inborn energy is still a Greek, and revives our love of the Muse of Hellas. I admire the love of nature in the Philoctetes.[41] In reading those fine apostrophes to sleep, to the stars, rocks, mountains and waves, I feel time passing away as an ebbing sea. I feel the eternity of man, the identity of his thought. The Greek had, it seems, the same fellow-beings as I. The sun and moon, water and fire, met his heart precisely as they meet mine. Then the vaunted distinction between Greek and English,[42] between Classic and Romantic schools, seems superficial and pedantic.[43] When a thought of Plato becomes a thought to me, — when a truth that fired the soul of Pindar fires mine, time is no more. When I feel that we two meet in a perception, that our two souls are tinged with the same hue, and do as it were run into one, why should I measure degrees of latitude, why should I count Egyptian years?

The student interprets the age of chivalry by his own age of chivalry, and the days of maritime adventure and circumnavigation by quite parallel miniature experiences of his own. To the sacred history of the

world he has the same key. When the voice of a prophet out of the deeps of antiquity merely echoes to him a sentiment of his infancy, a prayer of his youth, he then pierces to the truth through all the confusion of tradition and the caricature of institutions.

Rare, extravagant spirits come by us at intervals, who disclose to us new facts in nature. I see that men of God have from time to time walked among men and made their commission felt in the heart and soul of the commonest hearer. Hence evidently the tripod, the priest, the priestess inspired by the divine afflatus.

Jesus astonishes and overpowers sensual people. They cannot unite him to history, or reconcile him with themselves. As they come to revere their intuitions and aspire to live holily,[44] their own piety explains every fact, every word.

How easily these old worships of Moses, of Zoroaster, of Menu,[45] of Socrates, domesticate themselves in the mind. I cannot find any antiquity in them. They are mine as much as theirs.

I have seen the first monks and anchorets, without crossing seas or centuries. More than once some individual has appeared to me with such negligence of labor and such commanding contemplation, a haughty beneficiary begging in the name of God, as made good to the nineteenth century Simeon the Stylite, the Thebais, and the first Capuchins.[46]

The priestcraft of the East and West, of the Magian,[47] Brahmin, Druid, and Inca, is expounded in the individual's private life. The cramping influence of a hard formalist on a young child, in repressing his spirits and courage, paralyzing the understanding, and that without producing indignation, but only fear and obedience, and even much sympathy with the tyranny, — is a

familiar fact, explained to the child when he becomes a man, only by seeing that the oppressor of his youth is himself a child tyrannized over by those names and words and forms of whose influence he was merely the organ to the youth. The fact teaches him how Belus [48] was worshipped and how the Pyramids were built, better than the discovery by Champollion [49] of the names of all the workmen and the cost of every tile. He finds Assyria and the Mounds of Cholula [50] at his door, and himself has laid the courses.

Again, in that protest which each considerate person makes against the superstition of his times, he repeats step by step the part of old reformers, and in the search after truth finds, like them, new perils to virtue. He learns again what moral vigor is needed to supply the girdle of a superstition. A great licentiousness treads on the heels of a reformation. How many times in the history of the world has the Luther of the day had to lament the decay of piety in his own household! "Doctor," said his wife to Martin Luther, one day, "how is it that whilst subject to papacy we prayed so often and with such fervor, whilst now we pray with the utmost coldness and very seldom?"

The advancing man discovers how deep a property he has in literature, — in all fable as well as in all history. He finds that the poet was no odd fellow who described strange and impossible situations, but that universal man wrote by his pen a confession true for one and true for all. His own secret biography he finds in lines wonderfully intelligible to him, dotted down before he was born. One after another he comes up in his private adventures with every fable of Æsop, of Homer, of Hafiz, of Ariosto, of Chaucer, of Scott, and verifies them with his own head and hands.

The beautiful fables of the Greeks, being proper creations of the imagination and not of the fancy, are universal verities. What a range of meanings and what perpetual pertinence has the story of Prometheus! Beside its primary value as the first chapter of the history of Europe (the mythology thinly veiling authentic facts, the invention of the mechanic arts and the migration of colonies), it gives the history of religion, with some closeness to the faith of later ages. Prometheus is the Jesus of the old mythology. He is the friend of man; stands between the unjust "justice" of the Eternal Father and the race of mortals, and readily suffers all things on their account. But where it departs from the Calvinistic Christianity and exhibits him as the defier of Jove, it represents a state of mind which readily appears wherever the doctrine of Theism is taught in a crude, objective form, and which seems the self-defence of man against this untruth, namely a discontent with the believed fact that a God exists, and a feeling that the obligation of reverence is onerous. It would steal if it could the fire of the Creator, and live apart from him and independent of him. The Prometheus Vinctus [51] is the romance of skepticism. Not less true to all time are the details of that stately apologue. Apollo kept the flocks of Admetus, said the poets. When the gods come among men, they are not known. Jesus was not; Socrates and Shakspeare were not. Antæus was suffocated by the gripe of Hercules, but every time he touched his mother-earth his strength was renewed. Man is the broken giant, and in all his weakness both his body and his mind are invigorated by habits of conversation with nature. The power of music, the power of poetry, to unfix and as it were clap wings to solid nature, interprets the

riddle of Orpheus.[52] The philosophical perception of identity through endless mutations of form makes him know the Proteus. What else am I who laughed or wept yesterday, who slept last night like a corpse, and this morning stood and ran? And what see I on any side but the transmigrations of Proteus? I can symbolize my thought by using the name of any creature, of any fact, because every creature is man agent or patient. Tantalus is but a name for you and me. Tantalus means the impossibility of drinking the waters of thought which are always gleaming and waving within sight of the soul.[53] The transmigration of souls is no fable. I would it were; but men and women are only half human. Every animal of the barn-yard, the field and the forest, of the earth and of the waters that are under the earth, has contrived to get a footing and to leave the print of its features and form in some one or other of these upright, heaven-facing speakers. Ah! brother, stop the ebb of thy soul,[54] — ebbing downward into the forms into whose habits thou hast now for many years slid. As near and proper to us is also that old fable of the Sphinx, who was said to sit in the road-side and put riddles to every passenger. If the man could not answer, she swallowed him alive. If he could solve the riddle, the Sphinx was slain. What is our life but an endless flight of winged facts or events? In splendid variety these changes come, all putting questions to the human spirit. Those men who cannot answer by a superior wisdom these facts or questions of time, serve them. Facts encumber them, tyrannize over them, and make the men of routine, the men of *sense*, in whom a literal obedience to facts has extinguished every spark of that light by which man is truly man. But if the man is true to his

better instincts or sentiments, and refuses the dominion of facts, as one that comes of a higher race; remains fast by the soul and sees the principle, then the facts fall aptly and supple into their places; they know their master, and the meanest of them glorifies him.

See in Goethe's Helena [55] the same desire that every word should be a thing. These figures, he would say, these Chirons,[56] Griffins,[57] Phorkyas,[58] Helen and Leda,[59] are somewhat, and do exert a specific influence on the mind. So far then are they eternal entities, as real to-day as in the first Olympiad. Much revolving them he writes out freely his humor, and gives them body to his own imagination. And although that poem be as vague and fantastic as a dream, yet is it much more attractive than the more regular dramatic pieces of the same author, for the reason that it operates a wonderful relief to the mind from the routine of customary images, — awakens the reader's invention and fancy by the wild freedom of the design, and by the unceasing succession of brisk shocks of surprise.

The universal nature, too strong for the petty nature of the bard, sits on his neck and writes through his hand; so that when he seems to vent a mere caprice and wild romance, the issue is an exact allegory. Hence Plato said that "poets utter great and wise things which they do not themselves understand." All the fictions of the Middle Age explain themselves as a masked or frolic expression of that which in grave earnest the mind of that period toiled to achieve. Magic and all that is ascribed to it is a deep presentiment of the powers of science.[60] The shoes of swiftness, the sword of sharpness, the power of subduing the elements, of using the secret virtues of minerals, of

understanding the voices of birds, are the obscure efforts of the mind in a right direction. The preternatural prowess of the hero, the gift of perpetual youth, and the like, are alike the endeavor of the human spirit "to bend the shows of things to the desires of the mind."

In Perceforest and Amadis de Gaul [61] a garland and a rose bloom on the head of her who is faithful, and fade on the brow of the inconstant. In the story of the Boy and the Mantle [62] even a mature reader may be surprised with a glow of virtuous pleasure at the triumph of the gentle Venelas; and indeed all the postulates of elfin annals, — that the fairies do not like to be named; that their gifts are capricious and not to be trusted; that who seeks a treasure must not speak; and the like, — I find true in Concord, however they might be in Cornwall or Bretagne.

Is it otherwise in the newest romance? I read the Bride of Lammermoor. Sir William Ashton is a mask for a vulgar temptation, Ravenswood Castle a fine name for proud poverty, and the foreign mission of state only a Bunyan disguise for honest industry. We may all shoot a wild bull that would toss the good and beautiful, by fighting down the unjust and sensual. Lucy Ashton is another name for fidelity, which is always beautiful and always liable to calamity in this world.

But along with the civil and metaphysical history of man, another history goes daily forward, — that of the external world, — in which he is not less strictly implicated. He is the compend of time; [63] he is also the correlative of nature. His power consists in the multitude of his affinities, in the fact that his life is inter-

twined with the whole chain of organic and inorganic being. In old Rome the public roads beginning at the Forum proceeded north, south, east, west, to the centre of every province of the empire, making each market-town of Persia, Spain and Britain pervious to the soldiers of the capital: so out of the human heart go as it were highways to the heart of every object in nature, to reduce it under the dominion of man. A man is a bundle of relations, a knot of roots, whose flower and fruitage is the world. His faculties refer to natures out of him and predict the world he is to inhabit, as the fins of the fish foreshow that water exists, or the wings of an eagle in the egg presuppose air. He cannot live without a world.[64] Put Napoleon in an island prison, let his faculties find no men to act on, no Alps to climb, no stake to play for, and he would beat the air, and appear stupid. Transport him to large countries, dense population, complex interests and antagonist power, and you shall see that the man Napoleon, bounded that is by such a profile and outline, is not the virtual Napoleon. This is but Talbot's shadow; —

> "His substance is not here.
> For what you see is but the smallest part
> And least proportion of humanity;
> But were the whole frame here,
> It is of such a spacious, lofty pitch,
> Your roof were not sufficient to contain it." [65]

Columbus needs a planet to shape his course upon. Newton and Laplace [66] need myriads of age and thick-strewn celestial areas. One may say a gravitating solar system is already prophesied [67] in the nature of Newton's mind. Not less does the brain of Davy [68] or of Gay-Lussac,[69] from childhood exploring the affinities and repulsions of particles, anticipate the laws of

organization. Does not the eye of the human embryo predict the light? the ear of Handel [70] predict the witchcraft of harmonic sound? Do not the constructive fingers of Watt, Fulton, Whittemore,[71] Arkwright, predict the fusible, hard, and temperable texture of metals, the properties of stone, water, and wood? Do not the lovely attributes of the maiden child predict the refinements and decorations of civil society? Here also we are reminded of the action of man on man. A mind might ponder its thoughts for ages and not gain so much self-knowledge as the passion of love shall teach it in a day. Who knows himself before he has been thrilled with indignation at an outrage, or has heard an eloquent tongue, or has shared the throb of thousands in a national exultation or alarm? No man can antedate his experience, or guess what faculty or feeling a new object shall unlock, any more than he can draw to-day the face of a person whom he shall see to-morrow for the first time.

I will not now go behind the general statement to explore the reason of this correspondency. Let it suffice that in the light of these two facts, namely, that the mind is One, and that nature is its correlative, history is to be read and written.

Thus in all ways does the soul concentrate and reproduce its treasures for each pupil. He too shall pass through the whole cycle of experience. He shall collect into a focus the rays of nature. History no longer shall be a dull book. It shall walk incarnate in every just and wise man. You shall not tell me by languages and titles a catalogue of the volumes you have read.[72] You shall make me feel what periods you have lived. A man shall be the Temple of Fame. He shall walk, as the poets have described that goddess,

in a robe painted all over with wonderful events and experiences; — his own form and features by their exalted intelligence shall be that variegated vest. I shall find in him the Foreworld; in his childhood the Age of Gold, the Apples of Knowledge, the Argonautic Expedition, the calling of Abraham, the building of the Temple, the Advent of Christ, Dark Ages, the Revival of Letters, the Reformation, the discovery of new lands, the opening of new sciences and new regions in man. He shall be the priest of Pan, and bring with him into humble cottages the blessing of the morning stars, and all the recorded benefits of heaven and earth.

Is there somewhat overweening in this claim? Then I reject all I have written, for what is the use of pretending to know what we know not? But it is the fault of our rhetoric that we cannot strongly state one fact without seeming to belie some other. I hold our actual knowledge very cheap. Hear the rats in the wall, see the lizard on the fence, the fungus under foot, the lichen on the log. What do I know sympathetically, morally, of either of these worlds of life? As old as the Caucasian man, — perhaps older, — these creatures have kept their counsel beside him, and there is no record of any word or sign that has passed from one to the other. What connection do the books show between the fifty or sixty chemical elements and the historical eras? Nay, what does history yet record of the metaphysical annals of man? What light does it shed on those mysteries which we hide under the names Death and Immortality? Yet every history should be written in a wisdom which divined the range of our affinities and looked at facts as symbols. I am ashamed to see what a shallow village tale our so-

called History is. How many times we must say Rome, and Paris, and Constantinople! What does Rome know of rat and lizard?[73] What are Olympiads and Consulates to these neighboring systems of being? Nay, what food or experience or succor have they for the Esquimaux seal-hunter, for the Kanàka[74] in his canoe, for the fisherman, the stevedore, the porter?

Broader and deeper we must write our annals, — from an ethical reformation, from an influx of the ever new, ever sanative conscience, — if we would trulier express our central and wide-related nature, instead of this old chronology of selfishness and pride to which we have too long lent our eyes. Already that day exists for us, shines in on us at unawares, but the path of science and of letters is not the way into nature. The idiot, the Indian, the child and unschooled farmer's boy stand nearer to the light by which nature is to be read, than the dissector or the antiquary.[75]

POLITICS

Gold and iron are good
To buy iron and gold;
All earth's fleece and food
For their like are sold.
Boded Merlin wise,[1]
Proved Napoleon great, —
Nor kind nor coinage buys
Aught above its rate.
Fear, Craft, and Avarice
Cannot rear a State.
Out of dust to build
What is more than dust, —
Walls Amphion piled
Phœbus stablish must.
When the Muses nine
With the Virtues meet,
Find to their design
An Atlantic seat,
By green orchard boughs
Fended from the heat,
Where the statesman ploughs
Furrow for the wheat;
When the Church is social worth,
When the state-house is the hearth,
Then the perfect State is come,
The republican at home.

POLITICS

In dealing with the State we ought to remember that its institutions are not aboriginal, though they existed before we were born; that they are not superior to the citizen; that every one of them was once the act of a single man; every law and usage was a man's expedient to meet a particular case; that they all are imitable, all alterable; we may make as good, we may make better. Society is an illusion to the young citizen. It lies before him in rigid repose, with certain names, men and institutions rooted like oak-trees to the centre, round which all arrange themselves the best they can. But the old statesman knows that society is fluid; there are no such roots and centres, but any particle may suddenly become the centre of the movement and compel the system to gyrate round it; as every man of strong will, like Pisistratus [2] or Cromwell,[3] does for a time, and every man of truth, like Plato or Paul, does forever. But politics rest on necessary foundations, and cannot be treated with levity. Republics abound in young civilians who believe that the laws make the city, that grave modifications of the policy and modes of living and employments of the population, that commerce, education and religion may be voted in or out; and that any measure, though it were absurd, may be imposed on a people if only you can get sufficient voices to make it a law. But the wise know that foolish legislation is a rope of sand [4] which perishes in the twisting; [5] that the State must follow and not lead the character and progress of the citizen; the strongest

usurper is quickly got rid of; and they only who build on Ideas, build for eternity; and that the form of government which prevails is the expression of what cultivation exists in the population which permits it. The law is only a memorandum. We are superstitious, and esteem the statute somewhat: so much life as it has in the character of living men is its force. The statute stands there to say, Yesterday we agreed so and so, but how feel ye this article to-day? Our statute is a currency which we stamp with our own portrait: it soon becomes unrecognizable, and in process of time will return to the mint. Nature is not democratic, nor limited-monarchical, but despotic, and will not be fooled or abated of any jot of her authority by the pertest of her sons; and as fast as the public mind is opened to more intelligence,[6] the code is seen to be brute and stammering.[7] It speaks not articulately, and must be made to. Meantime the education of the general mind never stops. The reveries of the true and simple are prophetic. What the tender poetic youth dreams, and prays, and paints to-day, but shuns the ridicule of saying aloud, shall presently be the resolutions of public bodies; then shall be carried as grievance and bill of rights through conflict and war. and then shall be triumphant law and establishment for a hundred years, until it gives place in turn to new prayers and pictures. The history of the State sketches in coarse outline the progress of thought, and follows at a distance the delicacy of culture and of aspiration.

The theory of politics which has possessed the mind of men, and which they have expressed the best they could in their laws and in their revolutions, considers persons and property as the two objects for whose protection government exists. Of persons, all have

equal rights, in virtue of being identical in nature. This interest of course with its whole power demands a democracy. Whilst the rights of all as persons are equal, in virtue of their access to reason, their rights in property are very unequal. One man owns his clothes, and another owns a county. This accident, depending primarily on the skill and virtue of the parties, of which there is every degree, and secondarily on patrimony, falls unequally, and its rights of course are unequal. Personal rights, universally the same, demand a government framed on the ratio of the census; property demands a government framed on the ratio of owners and of owning. Laban,[8] who has flocks and herds, wishes them looked after by an officer on the frontiers, lest the Midianites shall drive them off; and pays a tax to that end. Jacob has no flocks or herds and no fear of the Midianites, and pays no tax to the officer. It seemed fit that Laban and Jacob should have equal rights to elect the officer who is to defend their persons, but that Laban and not Jacob should elect the officer who is to guard the sheep and cattle. And if question arise whether additional officers or watch-towers should be provided, must not Laban and Isaac, and those who must sell part of their herds to buy protection for the rest, judge better of this, and with more right, than Jacob, who, because he is a youth and a traveller, eats their bread and not his own?

In the earliest society the proprietors made their own wealth, and so long as it comes to the owners in the direct way, no other opinion would arise in any equitable community than that property should make the law for property, and persons the law for persons.

But property passes through donation or inheritance

to those who do not create it. Gift, in one case, makes it as really the new owner's as labor made it the first owner's: in the other case, of patrimony, the law makes an ownership which will be valid in each man's view according to the estimate which he sets on the public tranquillity.

It was not, however, found easy to embody the readily admitted principle that property should make law for property, and persons for persons; since persons and property mixed themselves in every transaction. At last it seemed settled that the rightful distinction was that the proprietors should have more elective franchise than non-proprietors, on the Spartan principle of "calling that which is just, equal; not that which is equal, just."

That principle no longer looks so self-evident as it appeared in former times, partly because doubts have arisen [9] whether too much weight had not been allowed in the laws to property, and such a structure given to our usages as allowed the rich to encroach on the poor, and to keep them poor; but mainly because there is an instinctive sense, however obscure and yet inarticulate, that the whole constitution of property, on its present tenures, is injurious, and its influence on persons deteriorating and degrading; that truly the only interest for the consideration of the State is persons; that property will always follow persons; that the highest end of government is the culture of men; and that if men can be educated, the institutions will share their improvement and the moral sentiment will write the law of the land.

If it be not easy to settle the equity of this question, the peril is less when we take note of our natural defences. We are kept by better guards than the vigi-

lance of such magistrates as we commonly elect. Society always consists in greatest part of young and foolish persons. The old, who have seen through the hypocrisy of courts and statesmen, die and leave no wisdom to their sons. They believe their own newspaper, as their fathers did at their age. With such an ignorant and deceivable [10] majority, States would soon run to ruin, but that there are limitations beyond which the folly and ambition of governors cannot go. Things have their laws, as well as men; and things refuse to be trifled with.[11] Property will be protected. Corn will not grow unless it is planted and manured; but the farmer will not plant or hoe it unless the chances are a hundred to one that he will cut and harvest it.[12] Under any forms, persons and property must and will have their just sway. They exert their power, as steadily as matter its attraction. Cover up a pound of earth never so cunningly, divide and subdivide it; melt it to liquid, convert it to gas; it will always weigh a pound; it will always attract and resist other matter by the full virtue of one pound weight: — and the attributes of a person, his wit and his moral energy, will exercise, under any law or extinguishing tyranny, their proper force, — if not overtly, then covertly; if not for the law, then against it; if not wholesomely, then poisonously; with right, or by might.

The boundaries of personal influence it is impossible to fix, as persons are organs of moral or supernatural force. Under the dominion of an idea which possesses the minds of multitudes, as civil freedom, or the religious sentiment, the powers of persons [13] are no longer subjects of calculation. A nation of men unanimously bent on freedom or conquest can easily confound the arithmetic of statists, and achieve extravagant actions,

out of all proportions to their means; as the Greeks, the Saracens, the Swiss, the Americans and the French have done.

In like manner to every particle of property belongs its own attraction. A cent is the representative of a certain quantity of corn or other commodity. Its value is in the necessities of the animal man. It is so much warmth, so much bread, so much water, so much land. The law may do what it will with the owner of property; its just power will still attach to the cent. The law may in a mad freak say that all shall have power except the owners of property; they shall have no vote. Nevertheless, by a higher law, the property will, year after year, write every statute that respects property. The non-proprietor will be the scribe of the proprietor. What the owners wish to do, the whole power of property will do, either through the law or else in defiance of it. Of course I speak of all the property, not merely of the great estates. When the rich are outvoted, as frequently happens, it is the joint treasury of the poor which exceeds their accumulations. Every man owns something, if it is only a cow, or a wheelbarrow, or his arms, and so has that property to dispose of.[14]

The same necessity which secures the rights of person and property against the malignity or folly of the magistrate, determines the form and methods of governing, which are proper to each nation and to its habit of thought, and nowise transferable to other states of society. In this country we are very vain of our political institutions, which are singular in this, that they sprung, within the memory of living men, from the character and condition of the people, which they still express with sufficient fidelity, — and we ostentatiously prefer them to any other in history. They are not

better, but only fitter for us. We may be wise in asserting the advantage in modern times of the democratic form, but to other states of society, in which religion consecrated the monarchical, that and not this was expedient. Democracy is better for us, because the religious sentiment of the present time accords better with it. Born democrats, we are nowise qualified to judge of monarchy, which, to our fathers living in the monarchical idea, was also relatively right. But our institutions, though in coincidence with the spirit of the age, have not any exemption from the practical defects which have discredited other forms. Every actual State is corrupt. Good men must not obey the laws too well.[15] What satire on government can equal the severity of censure conveyed in the word *politic*, which now for ages has signified *cunning*, intimating that the State is a trick?

The same benign necessity and the same practical abuse appear in the parties, into which each State divides itself, of opponents and defenders of the administration of the government. Parties are also founded on instincts,[16] and have better guides to their own humble aims than the sagacity of their leaders. They have nothing perverse in their origin, but rudely mark some real and lasting relation. We might as wisely reprove the east wind or the frost, as a political party, whose members, for the most part, could give no account of their position, but stand for the defence of those interests in which they find themselves. Our quarrel with them begins when they quit this deep natural ground at the bidding of some leader, and obeying personal considerations, throw themselves into the maintenance and defence of points nowise belonging to their system. A party is perpetually cor-

rupted by personality. Whilst we absolve the association from dishonesty, we cannot extend the same charity to their leaders. They reap the rewards of the docility and zeal of the masses which they direct. Ordinarily our parties are parties of circumstance, and not of principle; as the planting interest in conflict with the commercial; the party of capitalists and that of operatives: parties which are identical in their moral character, and which can easily change ground with each other in the support of many of their measures. Parties of principle, as, religious sects, or the party of free-trade, of universal suffrage, of abolition of slavery, of abolition of capital punishment, — degenerate into personalities, or would inspire enthusiasm. The vice of our leading parties in this country (which may be cited as a fair specimen of these societies of opinion) is that they do not plant themselves on the deep and necessary grounds to which they are respectively entitled, but lash themselves to fury in the carrying of some local and momentary measure, nowise useful to the commonwealth. Of the two great parties which at this hour almost share the nation between them, I should say that one has the best cause, and the other contains the best men. The philosopher, the poet, or the religious man, will of course wish to cast his vote with the democrat, for free-trade, for wide suffrage, for the abolition of legal cruelties in the penal code, and for facilitating in every manner the access of the young and the poor to the sources of wealth and power. But he can rarely accept the persons whom the so-called popular party propose to him as representatives of these liberalities. They have not at heart the ends which give to the name of democracy what hope and virtue are in it. The spirit of our American radicalism

is destructive and aimless:[17] it is not loving; it has no ulterior and divine ends, but is destructive only out of hatred and selfishness. On the other side, the conservative party, composed of the most moderate, able and cultivated part of the population, is timid, and merely defensive of property. It vindicates no right, it aspires to no real good, it brands no crime, it proposes no generous policy; it does not build, nor write, nor cherish the arts, nor foster religion, nor establish schools, nor encourage science, nor emancipate the slave, nor befriend the poor, or the Indian, or the immigrant. From neither party, when in power, has the world any benefit to expect in science, art or humanity, at all commensurate with the resources of the nation.

I do not for these defects despair of our republic. We are not at the mercy of any waves of chance. In the strife of ferocious parties, human nature always finds itself cherished; as the children of the convicts at Botany Bay[18] are found to have as healthy a moral sentiment as other children. Citizens of feudal states are alarmed at our democratic institutions lapsing into anarchy, and the older and more cautious among ourselves are learning from Europeans to look with some terror at our turbulent freedom. It is said that in our license of construing the Constitution, and in the despotism of public opinion, we have no anchor; and one foreign observer thinks he has found the safeguard in the sanctity of Marriage among us; and another thinks he has found it in our Calvinism. Fisher Ames[19] expressed the popular security more wisely, when he compared a monarchy and a republic, saying that a monarchy is a merchantman, which sails well, but will sometimes strike on a rock and go to the bottom; whilst a republic is a raft, which would never sink, but then

your feet are always in water. No forms can have any dangerous importance whilst we are befriended by the laws of things. It makes no difference how many tons' weight of atmosphere presses on our heads, so long as the same pressure resists it within the lungs. Augment the mass a thousand-fold, it cannot begin to crush us, as long as reaction is equal to action. The fact of two poles, of two forces, centripetal and centrifugal, is universal, and each force by its own activity develops the other. Wild liberty develops iron conscience.[20] Want of liberty, by strengthening law and decorum, stupefies conscience. 'Lynch-law' [21] prevails only where there is greater hardihood and self-subsistency in the leaders. A mob cannot be a permanency; everybody's interest requires that it should not exist, and only justice satisfies all.

We must trust infinitely to the beneficent necessity which shines through all laws. Human nature expresses itself in them as characteristically as in statues, or songs, or railroads; and an abstract of the codes of nations would be a transcript of the common conscience. Governments have their origin in the moral identity of men. Reason for one is seen to be reason for another, and for every other. There is a middle measure which satisfies all parties, be they never so many or so resolute for their own. Every man finds a sanction for his simplest claims and deeds, in decisions of his own mind, which he calls Truth and Holiness. In these decisions all the citizens find a perfect agreement, and only in these; not in what is good to eat, good to wear, good use of time, or what amount of land or of public aid each is entitled to claim. This truth and justice men presently endeavor to make application of to the measuring of land, the appor-

tionment of service, the protection of life and property. Their first endeavors, no doubt, are very awkward. Yet absolute right is the first governor; or, every government is an impure theocracy. The idea after which each community is aiming to make and mend its law, is the will of the wise man. The wise man it cannot find in nature,[22] and it makes awkward but earnest efforts to secure his government by contrivance; as by causing the entire people to give their voices on every measure; or by a double choice to get the representation of the whole; or by a selection of the best citizens; or to secure the advantages of efficiency and internal peace by confiding the government to one, who may himself select his agents. All forms of government symbolize an immortal government, common to all dynasties and independent of numbers, perfect where two men exist, perfect where there is only one man.

Every man's nature is a sufficient advertisement to him of the character of his fellows. My right and my wrong is their right and their wrong. Whilst I do what is fit for me, and abstain from what is unfit, my neighbor and I shall often agree in our means, and work together for a time to one end. But whenever I find my dominion over myself not sufficient for me, and undertake the direction of him also, I overstep the truth, and come into false relations to him. I may have so much more skill or strength than he that he cannot express adequately his sense of wrong, but it is a lie, and hurts like a lie both him and me. Love and nature cannot maintain the assumption; it must be executed by a practical lie, namely by force. This undertaking for another is the blunder which stands in colossal ugliness in the governments of the world. It is the same thing in numbers, as in a pair, only not quite so intelligible.

I can see well enough a great difference between my setting myself down to a self-control, and my going to make somebody else act after my views; but when a quarter of the human race assume to tell me what I must do, I may be too much disturbed by the circumstances to see so clearly the absurdity of their command. Therefore all public ends look vague and quixotic beside private ones. For any laws but those which men make for themselves are laughable.[23] If I put myself in the place of my child, and we stand in one thought and see that things are thus or thus, that perception is law for him and me. We are both there, both act. But if, without carrying him into the thought, I look over into his plot, and, guessing how it is with him, ordain this or that, he will never obey me. This is the history of governments, — one man does something which is to bind another. A man who cannot be acquainted with me taxes me; looking from afar at me ordains that a part of my labor shall go to this or that whimsical end, — not as I, but as he happens to fancy. Behold the consequence. Of all debts men are least willing to pay the taxes.[24] What a satire is this on government! Everywhere they think they get their money's worth, except for these.

Hence the less government we have the better, — the fewer laws, and the less confided power. The antidote to this abuse of formal government is the influence of private character, the growth of the Individual; the appearance of the principal to supersede the proxy; the appearance of the wise man; of whom the existing government is, it must be owned, but a shabby imitation. That which all things tend to educe; which freedom, cultivation, intercourse, revolutions, go to form and deliver, is character; that is the end of Nature, to

reach unto this coronation of her king. To educate the wise man the State exists, and with the appearance of the wise man the State expires. The appearance of character makes the State unnecessary. The wise man is the State. He needs no army, fort, or navy, — he loves men too well; no bribe, or feast, or palace, to draw friends to him; no vantage ground, no favorable circumstance. He needs no library, for he has not done thinking; no church, for he is a prophet; no statute-book, for he has the lawgiver; no money, for he is value; no road, for he is at home where he is; no experience, for the life of the creator shoots through him, and looks from his eyes. He has no personal friends,[25] for he who has the spell to draw the prayer and piety of all men unto him needs not husband and educate a few to share with him a select and poetic life. His relation to men is angelic; his memory is myrrh to them; his presence, frankincense and flowers.

We think our civilization near its meridian, but we are yet only at the cock-crowing and the morning star. In our barbarous society the influence of character is in its infancy. As a political power, as the rightful lord who is to tumble all rulers from their chairs, its presence is hardly yet suspected. Malthus[26] and Ricardo[27] quite omit it; the Annual Register[28] is silent; in the Conversations' Lexicon[29] it is not set down; the President's Message, the Queen's Speech, have not mentioned it; and yet it is never nothing. Every thought which genius and piety throw into the world, alters the world.[30] The gladiators in the lists of power feel, through all their frocks of force[31] and simulation, the presence of worth. I think the very strife of trade and ambition is confession of this divinity; and successes in those fields are the poor amends, the fig-leaf[32] with

which the shamed soul attempts to hide its nakedness. I find the like unwilling homage in all quarters. It is because we know how much is due from us that we are impatient to show some petty talent as a substitute for worth. We are haunted by a conscience [33] of this right to grandeur of character, and are false to it. But each of us has some talent, can do somewhat useful, or graceful, or formidable, or amusing, or lucrative. That we do, as an apology to others and to ourselves for not reaching the mark of a good and equal life. But it does not satisfy *us*, whilst we thrust it on the notice of our companions. It may throw dust in their eyes, but does not smooth our own brow, or give us the tranquillity of the strong when we walk abroad. We do penance as we go. Our talent is a sort of expiation, and we are constrained to reflect on our splendid moment [34] with a certain humiliation, as somewhat too fine, and not as one act of many acts, a fair expression of our permanent energy. Most persons of ability meet in society with a kind of tacit appeal. Each seems to say, 'I am not all here.' [35] Senators and presidents have climbed so high with pain enough, not because they think the place specially agreeable, but as an apology for real worth, and to vindicate their manhood in our eyes. This conspicuous chair is their compensation to themselves for being of a poor, cold, hard nature. They must do what they can. Like one class of forest animals, they have nothing but a prehensile tail; climb they must, or crawl.[36] If a man found himself so rich-natured that he could enter into strict relations with the best persons and make life serene around him by the dignity and sweetness of his behavior, could he afford to circumvent the favor of the caucus and the press, and covet relations so hollow

and pompous as those of a politician? Surely nobody would be a charlatan who could afford to be sincere.

The tendencies of the times favor the idea of self-government, and leave the individual, for all code,[37] to the rewards and penalties of his own constitution; which work with more energy than we believe whilst we depend on artificial restraints. The movement in this direction has been very marked in modern history. Much has been blind and discreditable, but the nature of the revolution is not affected by the vices of the revolters; for this is a purely moral force. It was never adopted by any party in history, neither can be. It separates the individual from all party, and unites him at the same time to the race. It promises a recognition of higher rights than those of personal freedom, or the security of property. A man has a right to be employed, to be trusted, to be loved, to be revered. The power of love, as the basis of a State, has never been tried. We must not imagine that all things are lapsing into confusion if every tender protestant be not compelled to bear his part in certain social conventions; nor doubt that roads can be built, letters carried, and the fruit of labor secured, when the government of force is at an end. Are our methods now so excellent that all competition is hopeless? [38] could not a nation of friends even devise better ways? On the other hand, let not the most conservative and timid fear anything from a premature surrender of the bayonet and the system of force. For, according to the order of nature, which is quite superior to our will, it stands thus; there will always be a government of force where men are selfish; and when they are pure enough to abjure the code of force they will be wise enough to see how these public ends of the post-office, of the highway, or commerce

and the exchange of property, of museums and libraries, of institutions of art and science can be answered.

We live in a very low state of the world, and pay unwilling tribute to governments founded on force. There is not, among the most religious and instructed men of the most religious and civil nations, a reliance on the moral sentiment and a sufficient belief in the unity of things, to persuade them that society can be maintained without artificial restraints, as well as the solar system; or that the private citizen might be reasonable and a good neighbor, without the hint of a jail or a confiscation. What is strange too, there never was in any man sufficient faith in the power of rectitude to inspire him with the broad design of renovating the State on the principle of right and love. All those who have pretended this design [39] have been partial reformers, and have admitted in some manner the supremacy of the bad State. I do not call to mind a single human being who has steadily denied the authority of the laws, on the simple ground of his own moral nature. Such designs, full of genius and full of faith [40] as they are, are not entertained except avowedly as air-pictures.[41] If the individual who exhibits them dare to think them practicable, he disgusts scholars and churchmen; and men of talent and women of superior sentiments cannot hide their contempt. Not the less does nature continue to fill the heart of youth with suggestions of this enthusiasm, and there are now men, — if indeed I can speak in the plural number, — more exactly, I will say, I have just been conversing with one man, to whom no weight of adverse experience will make it for a moment appear impossible that thousands of human beings might exercise towards each other the grandest and simplest sentiments, as well as a knot of friends, or a pair of lovers.

BEHAVIOR

Grace, Beauty, and Caprice
Build this golden portal,
Graceful women, chosen men
Dazzle every mortal:
Their sweet and lofty countenance
His enchanting food;
He need not go to them, their forms
Beset his solitude.
He looketh seldom in their face,
His eyes explore the ground,
The green grass is a looking-glass
Whereon their traits are found.
Little he says to them,
So dances his heart in his breast,
Their tranquil mien bereaveth him
Of wit, of words, of rest.
Too weak to win, too fond to shun
The tyrants or his doom,
The much deceived Endymion
Slips behind a tomb.

BEHAVIOR

The soul which animates nature is not less significantly published in the figure, movement and gesture of animated bodies, than in its last vehicle of articulate speech. This silent and subtile language is Manners; not *what*, but *how*. Life expresses. A statue has no tongue, and needs none. Good tableaux do not need declamation. Nature tells every secret once. Yes, but in man she tells it all the time, by form, attitude, gesture, mien, face and parts of the face, and by the whole action of the machine. The visible carriage or action of the individual, as resulting from his organization and his will combined, we call manners. What are they but thought entering the hands and feet, controlling the movements of the body, the speech and behavior?

There is always a best way of doing everything, if it be to boil an egg. Manners are the happy way of doing things; each, once a stroke of genius or of love, now repeated and hardened into usage. They form at last a rich varnish with which the routine of life is washed and its details adorned. If they are superficial, so are the dew-drops which give such a depth to the morning meadows. Manners are very communicable; men catch them from each other. Consuelo,[1] in the romance, boasts of the lessons she had given the nobles in manners, on the stage; and in real life, Talma [2] taught Napoleon [3] the arts of behavior. Genius invents fine manners, which the baron and the baroness copy very fast, and, by the advantage of a palace, better the

instruction.[4] They stereotype the lesson they have learned, into a mode.

The power of manners is incessant, — an element as unconcealable as fire. The nobility cannot in any country be disguised, and no more in a republic or a democracy than in a kingdom. No man can resist their influence. There are certain manners which are learned in good society, of that force that if a person have them, he or she must be considered, and is everywhere welcome, though without beauty, or wealth, or genius. Give a boy address and accomplishments and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes where he goes. He has not the trouble of earning or owning them, they solicit him to enter and possess. We send girls of a timid, retreating disposition to the boarding-school, to the riding-school, to the ball-room, or wheresoever they can come into acquaintance and nearness of leading persons of their own sex; where they may learn address, and see it near at hand. The power of a woman of fashion to lead and also to daunt and repel, derives from their [5] belief that she knows resources and behaviors not known to them; but when these have mastered her secret they learn to confront her, and recover their self-possession.

Every day bears witness to their gentle rule. People who would obtrude, now do not obtrude. The mediocre circle learns to demand that which belongs to a high state of nature or of culture. Your manners are always under examination, and by committees little suspected, a police in citizens' clothes, who are awarding or denying you very high prizes when you least think of it.

We talk much of utilities, but 't is our manners that associate us. In hours of business we go to him who

knows, or has, or does this or that which we want, and we do not let our taste or feeling stand in the way. But this activity over, we return to the indolent state, and wish for those we can be at ease with; those who will go where we go, whose manners do not offend us, whose social tone chimes with ours. When we reflect on their persuasive and cheering force;[6] how they recommend, prepare, and draw people together; how, in all clubs, manners make the members; how manners make the fortune of the ambitious youth; that, for the most part, his manners marry him, and, for the most part, he marries manners; when we think what keys they are, and to what secrets; what high lessons and inspiring tokens of character they convey, and what divination is required in us for the reading of this fine telegraph, — we see what range the subject has, and what relations to convenience, power and beauty.

Their first service is very low, — when they are the minor morals; but 't is the beginning of civility, — to make us, I mean, endurable to each other. We prize them for their rough-plastic, abstergent force; to get people out of the quadruped state; to get them washed, clothed and set up on end; to slough their animal husks and habits; compel them to be clean; overawe their spite and meanness; teach them to stifle the base and choose the generous expression, and make them know how much happier the generous behaviors are.

Bad behavior the laws cannot reach. Society is infested with rude, cynical, restless and frivolous persons, who prey upon the rest, and whom a public opinion concentrated into good manners — forms accepted by the sense of all — can reach; the contradictors and railers at public and private tables, who are like terriers, who conceive it the duty of a dog of honor to

growl at any passer-by and do the honors of the house by barking him out of sight. I have seen men who neigh like a horse when you contradict them or say something which they do not understand: — then the overbold, who make their own invitation to your hearth; the persevering talker, who gives you his society in large saturating doses; the pitiers of themselves, a perilous class; the frivolous Asmodeus,[7] who relies on you to find him in ropes of sand to twist; the monotones; in short, every stripe [8] of absurdity; — these are social inflictions which the magistrate cannot cure or defend you from, and which must be entrusted to the restraining force of custom and proverbs and familiar rules of behavior impressed on young people in their school-days.

In the hotels on the banks of the Mississippi they print, or used to print, among the rules of the house, that "No gentleman can be permitted to come to the public table without his coat;" and in the same country, in the pews of the churches little placards plead with the worshipper against the fury of expectoration. Charles Dickens self-sacrificingly undertook the reformation of our American manners in unspeakable particulars. I think the lesson was not quite lost; that it held bad manners up, so that the churls could see the deformity. Unhappily the book had its own deformities. It ought not to need to print in a reading-room a caution to strangers not to speak loud; nor to persons who look over fine engravings that they should be handled like cobwebs and butterflies' wings; nor to persons who look at marble statues that they shall not smite them with canes. But even in the perfect civilization of this city such cautions are not quite needless in the Athenæum [9] and City Library.

Manners are factitious, and grow out of circumstance as well as out of character. If you look at the pictures of patricians and of peasants of different periods and countries, you will see how well they match the same classes in our towns. The modern aristocrat not only is well drawn in Titian's[10] Venetian doges and in Roman coins and statues, but also in the pictures which Commodore Perry brought home of dignitaries in Japan. Broad lands and great interests not only arrive to such heads as can manage them, but form manners of power. A keen eye too will see nice gradations of rank, or see in the manners the degree of homage the party is wont to receive. A prince who is accustomed every day to be courted and deferred to by the highest grandees, acquires a corresponding expectation and a becoming mode of receiving and replying to this homage.

There are always exceptional people and modes. English grandees affect to be farmers. Claverhouse[11] is a fop, and under the finish of dress and levity of behavior hides the terror of his war. But Nature and Destiny are honest, and never fail to leave their mark, to hang out a sign for each and for every quality. It is much to conquer one's face, and perhaps the ambitious youth thinks he has got the whole secret when he has learned that disengaged manners are commanding. Don't be deceived by a facile exterior. Tender men sometimes have strong wills. We had in Massachusetts an old statesman who had sat all his life in courts and in chairs of state without overcoming an extreme irritability of face, voice and bearing; when he spoke, his voice would not serve him; it cracked, it broke, it wheezed, it piped; — little cared he; he knew that it had got to pipe, or wheeze, or screech his argu-

ment and his indignation. When he sat down, after speaking, he seemed in a sort of fit, and held on to his chair with both hands: but underneath all this irritability was a puissant will, firm and advancing, and a memory in which lay in order and method like geologic strata every fact of his history, and under the control of his will.[12]

Manners are partly factitious, but mainly there must be capacity for culture in the blood. Else all culture is vain. The obstinate prejudice in favor of blood, which lies at the base of the feudal and monarchical fabrics of the Old World, has some reason in common experience. Every man — mathematician, artist, soldier or merchant — looks with confidence for some traits and talents in his own child which he would not dare to presume in the child of a stranger. The Orientalists are very orthodox on this point. "Take a thorn-bush," said the emir Abdel-Kader,[13] "and sprinkle it for a whole year with rose-water; — it will yield nothing but thorns. Take a date-tree, leave it without water, without culture, and it will always produce dates. Nobility is the date-tree and the Arab populace is a bush of thorns."

A main fact in the history of manners is the wonderful expressiveness of the human body. If it were made of glass, or of air, and the thoughts were written on steel tablets within, it could not publish more truly its meaning than now. Wise men read very sharply all your private history in your look and gait and behavior. The whole economy of nature is bent on expression. The tell-tale body is all tongues. Men are like Geneva watches with crystal faces which expose the whole movement. They carry the liquor of life flowing up and down in these beautiful bottles and announcing

to the curious how it is with them. The face and eyes reveal what the spirit is doing, how old it is, what aims it has. The eyes indicate the antiquity of the soul, or through how many forms it has already ascended. It almost violates the proprieties if we say above the breath here what the confessing eyes do not hesitate to utter to every street passenger.

Man cannot fix his eye on the sun, and so far seems imperfect. In Siberia a late traveller found men who could see the satellites of Jupiter with their unarmed eye. In some respects the animals excel us. The birds have a longer sight, beside the advantage by their wings of a higher observatory. A cow can bid her calf, by secret signal, probably of the eye, to run away or to lie down and hide itself. The jockeys say of certain horses that "they look over the whole ground." The out-door life and hunting and labor give equal vigor to the human eye. A farmer looks out at you as strong as the horse; his eye-beam is like the stroke of a staff. An eye can threaten like a loaded and levelled gun, or can insult like hissing or kicking; or in its altered mood by beams of kindness it can make the heart dance with joy.

The eye obeys exactly the action of the mind. When a thought strikes us, the eyes fix and remain gazing at a distance; in enumerating the names of persons or of countries, as France, Germany, Spain, Turkey, the eyes wink at each new name. There is no nicety of learning sought by the mind which the eyes do not vie in acquiring. "An artist," said Michael Angelo, "must have his measuring tools not in the hand, but in the eye;" and there is no end to the catalogue of its performances, whether in indolent vision (that of health and beauty), or in strained vision (that of art and labor).

Eyes are bold as lions, — roving, running, leaping, here and there, far and near. They speak all languages. They wait for no introduction; they are no Englishmen; ask no leave of age, or rank; they respect neither poverty nor riches, neither learning nor power nor virtue nor sex; but intrude, and come again, and go through and through you in a moment of time. What inundation of life and thought is discharged from one soul into another, through them! The glance is natural magic.[14] The mysterious communication established across a house between two entire strangers, moves all the springs of wonder. The communication by the glance is in the greatest part not subject to the control of the will. It is the bodily symbol of identity of nature. We look into the eyes to know if this other form is another self, and the eyes will not lie, but make a faithful confession what inhabitant is there. The revelations are sometimes terrific. The confession of a low, usurping devil is there made, and the observer shall seem to feel the stirring of owls and bats and horned hoofs, where he looked for innocence and simplicity. 'T is remarkable too that the spirit that appears at the windows of the house does at once invest himself in a new form of his own to the mind of the beholder.

The eyes of men converse as much as their tongues, with the advantage that the ocular dialect needs no dictionary, but is understood all the world over. When the eyes say one thing and the tongue another, a practised man relies on the language of the first. If the man is off his centre, the eyes show it. You can read in the eyes of your companion whether your argument hits him, though his tongue will not confess it. There is a look by which a man shows he is going to say a good thing, and a look when he has said it. Vain and for-

gotten are all the fine offers and offices of hospitality, if there is no holiday in the eye. How many furtive inclinations avowed by the eye, though dissembled by the lips! One comes away from a company in which, it may easily happen, he has said nothing and no important remark has been addressed to him, and yet, if in sympathy with the society, he shall not have a sense of this fact, such a stream of life has been flowing into him and out from him through the eyes. There are eyes, to be sure, that give no more admission into the man than blueberries.[15] Others are liquid and deep, — wells that a man might fall into; — others are aggressive and devouring, seem to call out the police, take all too much notice, and require crowded Broadways and the security of millions to protect individuals against them. The military eye I meet, now darkly sparkling under clerical, now under rustic brows. 'T is the city of Lacedæmon; 't is a stack of bayonets. There are asking eyes, asserting eyes, prowling eyes; and eyes full of fate, — some of good and some of sinister omen. The alleged power to charm down insanity, or ferocity in beasts, is a power behind the eye. It must be a victory achieved in the will, before it can be signified in the eye. It is very certain that each man carries in his eye the exact indication of his rank in the immense scale of men, and we are always learning to read it. A complete man should need no auxiliaries to his personal presence. Whoever looked on him would consent to his will, being certified that his aims were generous and universal. The reason why men do not obey us is because they see the mud at the bottom of our eye.

If the organ of sight is such a vehicle of power, the other features have their own. A man finds room in

the few square inches of the face for the traits of all his ancestors; for the expression of all his history and his wants. The sculptor and Winckelmann [16] and Lavater will tell you how significant a feature is the nose; how its forms express strength or weakness of will, and good or bad temper. The nose of Julius Cæsar, of Dante, and of Pitt, suggest "the terrors of the beak." What refinement and what limitations the teeth betray! "Beware you don't laugh," said the wise mother, "for then you show all your faults."

Balzac left in manuscript a chapter which he called "*Théorie de la démarche*," in which he says, "The look, the voice, the respiration, and the attitude or walk, are identical. But, as it has not been given to man the power to stand guard at once over these four different simultaneous expressions of his thought, watch that one which speaks out the truth, and you will know the whole man."

Palaces interest us mainly in the exhibition of manners, which, in the idle and expensive society dwelling in them, are raised to a high art. The maxim of courts is that manner is power. A calm and resolute bearing, a polished speech, an embellishment of trifles, and the art of hiding all uncomfortable feeling, are essential to the courtier; and Saint Simon[17] and Cardinal de Retz and Rœderer and an encyclopædia of *Mémoires* will instruct you, if you wish, in those potent secrets. Thus it is a point of pride with kings to remember faces and names. It is reported of one prince that his head had the air of leaning downwards, in order not to humble the crowd. There are people who come in ever like a child with a piece of good news. It was said of the late Lord Holland[18] that he always came down to breakfast with the air of a man who had just met

with some signal good fortune. In *Notre Dame*,[19] the grandee took his place on the dais with the look of one who is thinking of something else. But we must not peep and eavesdrop at palace doors.

Fine manners need the support of fine manners in others. A scholar may be a well-bred man, or he may not. The enthusiast is introduced to polished scholars in society and is chilled and silenced by finding himself not in their element. They all have somewhat which he has not, and, it seems, ought to have. But if he finds the scholar apart from his companions, it is then the enthusiast's turn, and the scholar has no defence, but must deal on his terms. Now they must fight the battle out on their private strength. What is the talent of that character so common — the successful man of the world — in all marts, senates and drawing-rooms? Manners: manners of power; sense to see his advantage, and manners up to it. See him approach his man. He knows that troops behave as they are handled at first; that is his cheap secret; just what happens to every two persons who meet on any affair, — one instantly perceives that he has the key of the situation, that his will comprehends the other's will, as the cat does the mouse; and he has only to use courtesy and furnish good-natured reasons to his victim to cover up the chain, lest he be shamed into resistance.

The theatre in which this science of manners has a formal importance is not with us a court, but dress-circles, wherein, after the close of the day's business, men and women meet at leisure, for mutual entertainment, in ornamented drawing-rooms. Of course it has every variety of attraction and merit; but to earnest persons, to youths or maidens who have great objects at heart, we cannot extol it highly. A well-dressed

talkative company where each is bent to amuse the other, — yet the high-born Turk who came hither fancied that every woman seemed to be suffering for a chair; that all the talkers were brained and exhausted by the deoxygenated air; it spoiled the best persons; it put all on stilts. Yet here are the secret biographies written and read. The aspect of that man is repulsive; I do not wish to deal with him. The other is irritable, shy and on his guard. The youth looks humble and manly; I choose him. Look on this woman. There is not beauty, nor brilliant sayings, nor distinguished power to serve you; but all see her gladly; her whole air and impression are healthful. Here come the sentimentalists, and the invalids. Here is Elise, who caught cold in coming into the world and has always increased it since. Here are creep-mouse manners, and thievish manners. "Look at Northcote,"[20] said Fuseli;[21] "he looks like a rat that has seen a cat." In the shallow company, easily excited, easily tired, here is the columnar Bernard; the Alleghanies do not express more repose than his behavior. Here are the sweet following eyes of Cecile; it seemed always that she demanded the heart. Nothing can be more excellent in kind than the Corinthian grace of Gertrude's manners, and yet Blanche, who has no manners, has better manners than she; for the movements of Blanche are the sallies of a spirit which is sufficient for the moment, and she can afford to express every thought by instant action.

Manners have been somewhat cynically defined to be a contrivance of wise men to keep fools at a distance. Fashion is shrewd to detect those who do not belong to her train, and seldom wastes her attentions. Society is very swift in its instincts, and, if you do not belong

to it, resists and sneers at you, or quietly drops you. The first weapon enrages the party attacked; the second is still more effective, but is not to be resisted, as the date of the transaction is not easily found. People grow up and grow old under this infliction, and never suspect the truth, ascribing the solitude which acts on them very injuriously to any cause but the right one.

The basis of good manners is self-reliance. Necessity is the law of all who are not self-possessed. Those who are not self-possessed obtrude and pain us. Some men appear to feel that they belong to a Pariah[22] caste. They fear to offend, they bend and apologize, and walk through life with a timid step. As we sometimes dream that we are in a well-dressed company without any coat, so Godfrey acts ever as if he suffered from some mortifying circumstance. The hero should find himself at home, wherever he is; should impart comfort by his own security and good nature to all beholders. The hero is suffered to be himself. A person of strong mind comes to perceive that for him an immunity is secured so long as he renders to society that service which is native and proper to him, — an immunity from all the observances, yea, and duties, which society so tyrannically imposes on the rank and file of its members. "Euripides," says Aspasia,[23] "has not the fine manners of Sophocles; but," she adds good-humoredly," the movers and masters of our souls have surely a right to throw out their limbs as carelessly as they please, on the world that belongs to them, and before the creatures they have animated." [24]

Manners require time, as nothing is more vulgar than haste. Friendship should be surrounded with ceremonies and respects, and not crushed into corners. Friendship requires more time than poor busy men

can usually command. Here comes to me Roland, with a delicacy of sentiment leading and enwrapping him like a divine cloud or holy ghost. 'T is a great destitution to both that this should not be entertained with large leisures, but contrariwise should be balked by importunate affairs.

But through this lustrous varnish the reality is ever shining.[25] 'T is hard to keep the *what* from breaking through this pretty painting of the *how*. The core will come to the surface. Strong will and keen perception overpower old manners and create new; and the thought of the present moment has a greater value than all the past. In persons of character we do not remark manners, because of their instantaneousness. We are surprised by the thing done, out of all power to watch the way of it. Yet nothing is more charming than to recognize the great style which runs through the actions of such. People masquerade before us in their fortunes, titles, offices, and connections, as academic or civil presidents, or senators, or professors, or great lawyers, and impose on the frivolous, and a good deal on each other, by these fames. At least it is a point of prudent good manners to treat these reputations tenderly, as if they were merited. But the sad realist knows these fellows at a glance, and they know him; as when in Paris the chief of the police enters a ball-room, so many diamonded pretenders shrink and make themselves as inconspicuous as they can, or give him a supplicating look as they pass. "I had received," said a sibyl, "I had received at birth the fatal gift of penetration;" and these Cassandras are always born.[26]

Manners impress as they indicate real power. A man who is sure of his point, carries a broad and con-

tented expression, which everybody reads. And you cannot rightly train one to an air and manner, except by making him the kind of man of whom that manner is the natural expression. Nature forever puts a premium on reality. What is done for effect is seen to be done for effect; what is done for love is felt to be done for love. A man inspires affection and honor because he was not lying in wait for these.[27] The things of a man for which we visit him were done in the dark and cold. A little integrity is better than any career. So deep are the sources of this surface-action that even the size of your companion seems to vary with his freedom of thought. Not only is he larger, when at ease and his thoughts generous, but everything around him becomes variable with expression. No carpenter's rule, no rod and chain will measure the dimensions of any house or house-lot; go into the house; if the proprietor is constrained and deferring, 't is of no importance how large his house, how beautiful his grounds,[28] — you quickly come to the end of all: but if the man is self-possessed, happy and at home, his house is deep-founded, indefinitely large and interesting, the roof and dome buoyant as the sky. Under the humblest roof, the commonest person in plain clothes sits there massive, cheerful, yet formidable, like the Egyptian colossi.

Neither Aristotle, nor Leibnitz, nor Junius,[29] nor Champollion[30] has set down the grammar-rules of this dialect, older than Sanscrit; but they who cannot yet read English, can read this. Men take each other's measure, when they meet for the first time, — and every time they meet. How do they get this rapid knowledge, even before they speak, of each other's power and disposition? One would say that the per-

suasion of their speech is not in what they say, — or that men do not convince by their argument, but by their personality, by who they are, and what they said and did heretofore. A man already strong is listened to, and everything he says is applauded. Another opposes him with sound argument, but the argument is scouted until by and by it gets into the mind of some weighty person; then it begins to tell on the community.

Self-reliance is the basis of behavior, as it is the guaranty that the powers are not squandered in too much demonstration. In this country, where school education is universal, we have a superficial culture, and a profusion of reading and writing and expression. We parade our nobilities in poems and orations, instead of working them up into happiness. There is a whisper out of the ages to him who can understand it, — "Whatever is known to thyself alone, has always very great value." There is some reason to believe that when a man does not write his poetry it escapes by other vents through him, instead of the one vent of writing; clings to his form and manners, whilst poets have often nothing poetical about them except their verses. Jacobi[31] said that "when a man has fully expressed his thought, he has somewhat less possession of it." One would say, the rule is, —What man is irresistibly urged to say, helps him and us. In explaining his thought to others, he explains it to himself, but when he opens it for show, it corrupts him.

Society is the stage on which manners are shown; novels are the literature. Novels are the journal or record of manners, and the new importance of these books derives from the fact that the novelist begins to penetrate the surface and treat this part of life more worthily. The novels used to be all alike, and had a

quite vulgar tone. The novels used to lead us on to a foolish interest in the fortunes of the boy and girl they described. The boy was to be raised from a humble to a high position. He was in want of a wife and a castle, and the object of the story was to supply him with one or both. We watched sympathetically, step by step, his climbing, until at last the point is gained, the wedding day is fixed, and we follow the gala procession home to the bannered portal, when the doors are slammed in our face and the poor reader is left outside in the cold, not enriched by so much as an idea or a virtuous impulse.

But the victories of character are instant, and victories for all. Its greatness enlarges all. We are fortified by every heroic anecdote. The novels are as useful as Bibles if they teach you the secret that the best of life is conversation, and the greatest success is confidence, or perfect understanding between sincere people. 'T is a French definition of friendship, *rien que s'entendre*, good understanding. The highest compact we can make with our fellow, is, — 'Let there be truth between us two forevermore.' That is the charm in all good novels, as it is the charm in all good histories, that the heroes mutually understand, from the first, and deal loyally and with a profound trust in each other. It is sublime to feel and say of another, I need never meet or speak or write to him; we need not reinforce ourselves, or send tokens of remembrance; I rely on him as on myself; if he did thus or thus, I know it was right.

In all the superior people I have met I notice directness, truth spoken more truly, as if everything of obstruction, of malformation, had been trained away. What have they to conceal? What have they to ex-

hibit? Between simple and noble persons there is always a quick intelligence; they recognize at sight, and meet on a better ground than the talents and skills they may chance to possess, namely on sincerity and uprightness. For it is not what talents or genius a man has, but how he is to his talents, that constitutes friendship and character. The man that stands by himself, the universe stands by him also. It is related by the monk Basle,[32] that being excommunicated by the Pope, he was, at his death, sent in charge of an angel to find a fit place of suffering in hell; but such was the eloquence and good humor of the monk, that wherever he went he was received gladly and civilly treated even by the most uncivil angels; and when he came to discourse with them, instead of contradicting or forcing him, they took his part, and adopted his manners; and even good angels came from far to see him and take up their abode with him. The angel that was sent to find a place of torment for him attempted to remove him to a worse pit, but with no better success; for such was the contented spirit of the monk that he found something to praise in every place and company, though in hell, and made a kind of heaven of it. At last the escorting angel returned with his prisoner to them that sent him, saying that no phlegethon could be found that would burn him; for that in whatever condition, Basle remained incorrigibly Basle. The legend says his sentence was remitted, and he was allowed to go into heaven and was canonized as a saint.

There is a stroke of magnanimity in the correspondence of Bonaparte with his brother Joseph, when the latter was King of Spain, and complained that he missed in Napoleon's letters the affectionate tone which had marked their childish correspondence. "I

am sorry," replies Napoleon, "you think you shall find your brother again only in the Elysian Fields. It is natural that at forty he should not feel toward you as he did at twelve. But his feelings toward you have greater truth and strength. His friendship has the features of his mind."

How much we forgive to those who yield us the rare spectacle of heroic manners! We will pardon them the want of books, of arts, and even of the gentler virtues. How tenaciously we remember them! Here is a lesson which I brought along with me in boyhood from the Latin School, and which ranks with the best of Roman anecdotes. Marcus Scaurus was accused by Quintus Varius Hispanus, that he had excited the allies to take arms against the Republic. But he, full of firmness and gravity, defended himself in this manner: — "Quintus Varius Hispanus alleges that Marcus Scaurus, President of the Senate, excited the allies to arms: Marcus Scaurus, President of the Senate, denies it. There is no witness. Which do you believe, Romans?" "*Utri creditis, Quirites?*" When he had said these words he was absolved by the assembly of the people.

I have seen manners that make a similar impression with personal beauty;[33] that give the like exhilaration, and refine us like that; and in memorable experiences they are suddenly better than beauty, and make that superfluous and ugly. But they must be marked by fine perception, the acquaintance with real beauty. They must always show self-control; you shall not be facile, apologetic, or leaky, but king over your word; and every gesture and action shall indicate power at rest.[34] Then they must be inspired by the good heart. There is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around

us. It is good to give a stranger a meal, or a night's lodging. It is better to be hospitable to his good meaning and thought, and give courage to a companion.[35] We must be as courteous to a man as we are to a picture,[36] which we are willing to give the advantage of a good light. Special precepts are not to be thought of; the talent of well-doing contains them all. Every hour will show a duty as paramount as that of my whim just now, and yet I will write it, — that there is one topic peremptorily forbidden to all well-bred, to all rational mortals, namely, their distempers. If you have not slept, or if you have slept, or if you have headache, or sciatica, or leprosy, or thunderstroke, I beseech you by all angels to hold your peace, and not pollute the morning, to which all the housemates bring serene and pleasant thoughts, by corruption and groans. Come out of the azure. Love the day. Do not leave the sky out of your landscape. The oldest and the most deserving person should come very modestly into any newly awaked company, respecting the divine communications out of which all must be presumed to have newly come. An old man who added an elevating culture to a large experience of life, said to me, "When you come into the room, I think I will study how to make humanity beautiful to you."' [37]

As respects the delicate question of culture I do not think that any other than negative rules can be laid down. For positive rules, for suggestion, nature alone inspires it. Who dare assume to guide a youth, a maid, to perfect manners? the golden mean is so delicate, difficult, — say frankly, unattainable. What finest hands would not be clumsy to sketch the genial precepts of the young girl's demeanor? The chances seem infinite against success; and yet success is con-

tinually attained. There must not be secondariness, and 't is a thousand to one that her air and manner will at once betray that she is not primary, but that there is some other one or many of her class to whom she habitually postpones herself. But nature lifts her easily and without knowing it over these impossibilities, and we are continually surprised with graces and felicities not only unteachable but undescribable.[38]

MANNERS

"How near to good is what is fair!
Which we no sooner see,
But with the lines and outward air
Our senses taken be."

"Again yourselves compose,
And now put all the aptness on
Of Figure, that Proportion
Or Color can disclose;
That if those silent arts were lost,
Design and Picture, they might boast
From you a newer ground,
Instructed by the heightening sense
Of dignity and reverence
In their true motions found."

BEN JONSON.

MANNERS

Half the world, it is said, knows not how the other half live. Our Exploring Expedition saw the Feejee islanders getting their dinner off human bones; and they are said to eat their own wives and children. The husbandry of the modern inhabitants of Gournou (west of old Thebes) is philosophical [1] to a fault. To set up their housekeeping nothing is requisite but two or three earthen pots, a stone to grind meal, and a mat which is the bed. The house, namely a tomb, is ready without rent or taxes. No rain can pass through the roof, and there is no door, for there is no want of one, as there is nothing to lose. If the house do not please them, they walk out and enter another, as there are several hundreds at their command. "It is somewhat singular," adds Belzoni,[2] to whom we owe this account, "to talk of happiness among people who live in sepulchres, among the corpses and rags of an ancient nation which they know nothing of." In the deserts of Borgoo[3] the rock-Tibboos [4] still dwell in caves, like cliff-swallows, and the language of these negroes is compared by their neighbors to the shrieking of bats and to the whistling of birds. Again, the Bornoos[5] have no proper names; individuals are called after their height, thickness, or other accidental quality, and have nicknames merely. But the salt, the dates, the ivory, and the gold, for which these horrible regions are visited, find their way into countries where the purchaser and consumer can hardly be ranked in one race with these cannibals

and man-stealers; countries where man serves himself with metals, wood, stone, glass, gum, cotton, silk and wool; honors himself with architecture; [6] writes laws, and contrives to execute his will through the hands of many nations; and, especially, establishes a select society, running through all the countries of intelligent men, a self-constituted aristocracy, or fraternity of the best, which, without written law or exact usage of any kind, perpetuates itself, colonizes every new-planted island and adopts and makes its own whatever personal beauty or extraordinary native endowment anywhere appears.

What fact more conspicuous in modern history than the creation of the gentleman? Chivalry is that, and loyalty is that, and in English literature half the drama, and all the novels, from Sir Philip Sidney to Sir Walter Scott, paint this figure. The word *gentleman*, which, like the word *Christian*, must hereafter characterize the present and the few preceding centuries by the importance attached to it, is a homage to personal and incommunicable properties. Frivolous and fantastic additions have got associated with the name, but the steady interest of mankind in it must be attributed to the valuable properties which it designates. An element which unites all the most forcible persons of every country, makes them intelligible and agreeable to each other, and is somewhat so precise that it is at once felt if an individual lack the masonic sign, — cannot be any casual product, but must be an average result of the character and faculties universally found in men. It seems a certain permanent average; as the atmosphere is a permanent composition, whilst so many gases are combined only to be decompounded. *Comme il faut*, is the Frenchman's description of good

society: *as we must be.*[7] It is a spontaneous fruit of talents and feelings of precisely that class who have most vigor, who take the lead in the world of this hour, and though far from pure, far from constituting the gladdest and highest tone of human feeling, it is as good as the whole society permits it to be. It is made of the spirit, more than of the talent of men, and is a compound result into which every great force enters as an ingredient, namely virtue, wit, beauty, wealth and power.

There is something equivocal in all the words in use to express the excellence of manners and social cultivation, because the quantities are fluxional, and the last effect is assumed by the senses as the cause. The word *gentleman* has not any correlative abstract to express the quality. *Gentility* is mean, and *gentilesse* [8] is obsolete. But we must keep alive in the vernacular the distinction between *fashion*, a word of narrow and often sinister meaning, and the heroic character which *the gentleman* imports. The usual words, however, must be respected; they will be found to contain the root of the matter. The point of distinction in all this class of names, as courtesy, chivalry, fashion, and the like, is that the flower and fruit, not the grain of the tree, are contemplated. It is beauty which is the aim this time, and not worth.[9] The result is now in question, although our words intimate well enough the popular feeling that the appearance supposes a substance. The gentleman is a man of truth, lord of his own actions, and expressing that lordship in his behavior; not in any manner dependent and servile, either on persons, or opinions, or possessions. Beyond this fact of truth and real force, the word denotes goodnature or benevolence: manhood first, and then gentle-

ness. The popular notion certainly adds a condition of ease and fortune; but that is a natural result of personal force and love, that they should possess and dispense the goods of the world. In times of violence, every eminent person must fall in with many opportunities to approve his stoutness and worth; therefore every man's name that emerged at all from the mass in the feudal ages rattles in our ear like a flourish of trumpets. But personal force never goes out of fashion. That is still paramount to-day, and in the moving crowd of good society the men of valor and reality are known and rise to their natural place. The competition is transferred from war to politics and trade, but the personal force appears readily enough in these new arenas.

Power first, or no leading class. In politics and in trade, bruisers and pirates are of better promise than talkers and clerks. God knows that all sorts of gentlemen knock at the door; but whenever used in strictness and with any emphasis, the name will be found to point at original energy. It describes a man standing in his own right and working after untaught methods. In a good lord there must first be a good animal,[10] at least to the extent of yielding the incomparable advantage of animal spirits. The ruling class must have more, but they must have these, giving in every company the sense of power, which makes things easy to be done which daunt the wise. The society of the energetic class, in their friendly and festive meetings, is full of courage and of attempts which intimidate the pale scholar. The courage which girls exhibit is like a battle of Lundy's Lane,[11] or a sea-fight. The intellect relies on memory to make some supplies to face these extemporaneous squadrons. But memory is a base men-

dicant with basket and badge, in the presence of these sudden masters. The rulers of society must be up to the work of the world, and equal to their versatile office: men of the right Cæsarian pattern, who have great range of affinity. I am far from believing the timid maxim of Lord Falkland [12] ("that for ceremony there must go two to it; since a bold fellow will go through the cunningest forms"), and am of opinion that the gentleman is the bold fellow whose forms are not to be broken through; and only that plenteous nature is rightful master which is the complement of whatever person it converses with. My gentleman gives the law where he is; he will outpray saints in chapel, outgeneral veterans in the field, and outshine all courtesy in the hall. He is good company for pirates and good with academicians; so that it is useless to fortify yourself against him; he has the private entrance to all minds, and I could as easily exclude myself, as him. The famous gentlemen of Asia and Europe have been of this strong type; Saladin, Sapor,[13] the Cid,[14] Julius Cæsar, Scipio, Alexander, Pericles, and the lordliest personages. They sat very carelessly in their chairs, and were too excellent themselves, to value any condition at a high rate.

A plentiful fortune is reckoned necessary, in the popular judgment, to the completion of this man of the world; and it is a material deputy which walks through the dance which the first has led. Money is not essential, but this wide affinity is, which transcends the habits of clique and caste and makes itself felt by men of all classes. If the aristocrat is only valid in fashionable circles and not with truckmen, he will never be a leader in fashion; and if the man of the people cannot speak on equal terms with the gentle-

man, so that the gentleman shall perceive that he is already really of his own order, he is not to be feared. Diogenes, Socrates, and Epaminondas, are gentlemen of the best blood who have chosen the condition of poverty when that of wealth was equally open to them. I use these old names, but the men I speak of are my contemporaries.[15] Fortune will not supply to every generation one of these well-appointed knights, but every collection of men furnishes some example of the class; and the politics of this country, and the trade of every town, are controlled by these hardy and irresponsible doers, who have invention to take the lead, and a broad sympathy which puts them in fellowship with crowds, and makes their action popular.

The manners of this class are observed and caught with devotion by men of taste. The association of these masters with each other and with men intelligent of their merits, is mutually agreeable and stimulating. The good forms, the happiest expressions of each, are repeated and adopted. By swift consent everything superfluous is dropped, everything graceful is renewed. Fine manners show themselves formidable to the uncultivated man. They are a subtler science of defence to parry and intimidate; but once matched by the skill of the other party, they drop the point of the sword, — points and fences disappear,[16] and the youth finds himself in a more transparent atmosphere, wherein life is a less troublesome game, and not a misunderstanding rises between the players. Manners aim to facilitate life, to get rid of impediments and bring the man pure to energize.[17] They aid our dealing and conversation as a railway aids travelling, by getting rid of all avoidable obstructions of the road and leaving nothing to be conquered but pure space.[18] These

forms very soon become fixed, and a fine sense of propriety is cultivated with the more heed that it becomes a badge of social and civil distinctions. Thus grows up Fashion, an equivocal semblance, the most puissant, the most fantastic and frivolous, the most feared and followed, and which morals [19] and violence assault in vain.

There exists a strict relation between the class of power and the exclusive and polished circles. The last are always filled or filling from the first. The strong men usually give some allowance even to the petulances of fashion, for that affinity they find in it. Napoleon, child of the revolution, destroyer of the old noblesse, never ceased to court the Faubourg St. Germain; [20] doubtless with the feeling that fashion is a homage to men of his stamp. Fashion, though in a strange way, represents all manly virtue. It is virtue gone to seed: it is a kind of posthumous honor. It does not often caress the great, but the children of the great: it is a hall of the Past. It usually sets its face against the great of this hour. Great men are not commonly in its halls; they are absent in the field: they are working, not triumphing. Fashion is made up of their children; of those who through the value and virtue of somebody, have acquired lustre to their name, marks of distinction, means of cultivation and generosity, and in their physical organization a certain health and excellence which secure to them, if not the highest power to work, yet high power to enjoy. The class of power, the working heroes, the Cortez, the Nelson, the Napoleon, see that this is the festivity and permanent celebration of such as they; that fashion is funded talent; is Mexico, Marengo [21] and Trafalgar [22] beaten out thin; that the brilliant names of fashion run back to just such busy names as their own, fifty or sixty

years ago. They are the sowers, their sons shall be the reapers, and *their* sons, in the ordinary course of things, must yield the possession of the harvest to new competitors with keener eyes and stronger frames. The city is recruited from the country. In the year 1805, it is said, every legitimate monarch in Europe was imbecile. The city would have died out, rotted and exploded, long ago, but that it was reinforced from the fields. It is only country which came to town day before yesterday that is city and court to-day.[23]

Aristocracy and fashion are certain inevitable results. These mutual selections are indestructible. If they provoke anger in the least favored class, and the excluded majority revenge themselves on the excluding minority by the strong hand and kill them, at once a new class finds itself at the top, as certainly as cream rises in a bowl of milk: and if the people should destroy class after class, until two men only were left, one of these would be the leader and would be involuntarily served and copied by the other. You may keep this minority out of sight and out of mind, but it is tenacious of life, and is one of the estates of the realm. I am the more struck with this tenacity, when I see its work. It respects the administration of such unimportant matters, that we should not look for any durability in its rule. We sometimes meet men under some strong moral influence, as a patriotic, a literary, a religious movement, and feel that the moral sentiment rules man and nature. We think all other distinctions and ties will be slight and fugitive, this of caste or fashion for example; yet come from year to year and see how permanent that is, in this Boston or New York life of man, where too it has not the least countenance from the law of the land. Not in Egypt or in India a

firmer or more impassable line. Here are associations whose ties go over and under and through it, a meeting of merchants, a military corps, a college class, a fire-club, a professional association, a political, a religious convention; — the persons seem to draw inseparably near; yet, that assembly once dispersed, its members will not in the year meet again. Each returns to his degree in the scale of good society, porcelain remains porcelain, and earthen earthen. The objects of fashion may be frivolous, or fashion may be objectless, but the nature of this union and selection can be neither frivolous nor accidental. Each man's rank in that perfect graduation depends on some symmetry in his structure or some agreement in his structure to the symmetry of society. Its doors unbar instantaneously to a natural claim of their own kind. A natural gentleman finds his way in, and will keep the oldest patrician out who has lost his intrinsic rank. Fashion understands itself; good-breeding and personal superiority of whatever country readily fraternize with those of every other. The chiefs of savage tribes have distinguished themselves in London and Paris by the purity of their tournure.[24]

To say what good of fashion we can, it rests on reality, and hates nothing so much as pretenders; to exclude and mystify pretenders and send them into everlasting 'Coventry,'[25] is its delight. We contemn in turn every other gift of men of the world; but the habit even in little and the least matters of not appealing to any but our own sense of propriety, constitutes the foundation of all chivalry. There is almost no kind of self-reliance, so it be sane and proportioned, which fashion does not occasionally adopt and give it the freedom of its saloons. A sainted soul is always ele-

gant, and, if it will, passes unchallenged into the most guarded ring. But so will Jock the teamster pass, in some crisis that brings him thither, and find favor, as long as his head is not giddy with the new circumstance, and the iron shoes do not wish to dance in waltzes and cotillons. For there is nothing settled in manners, but the laws of behavior yield to the energy of the individual. The maiden at her first ball, the countryman at a city dinner, believes that there is a ritual according to which every act and compliment must be performed, or the failing party must be cast out of this presence. Later they learn that good sense and character make their own forms every moment, and speak or abstain, take wine or refuse it, stay or go, sit in a chair or sprawl with children on the floor, or stand on their head, or what else soever, in a new and aboriginal way; and that strong will is always in fashion, let who. will be unfashionable. All that fashion demands is composure and self-content. A circle of men perfectly well-bred would be a company of sensible persons in which every man's native manners and character appeared. If the fashionist [26] have not this quality, he is nothing. We are such lovers of self-reliance that we excuse in a man many sins if he will show us a complete satisfaction in his position, which asks no leave to be, of mine, or any man's good opinion. But any deference to some eminent man or woman of the world, forfeits all privilege of nobility. He is an underling: I have nothing to do with him; I will speak with his master. A man should not go where he cannot carry his whole sphere or society with him, — not bodily, the whole circle of his friends, but atmospherically. He should preserve in a new company the same attitude of mind and reality of relation which his daily

associates draw him to, else he is shorn of his best beams, and will be an orphan in the merriest club. "If you could see Vich Ian Vohr[27] with his tail on!—" But Vich Ian Vohr must always carry his belongings in some fashion, if not added as honor, then severed as disgrace.

There will always be in society certain persons who are mercuries of its approbation, and whose glance will at any time determine for the curious their standing in the world. These are the chamberlains of the lesser gods.[28] Accept their coldness as an omen of grace with the loftier deities, and allow them all their privilege. They are clear in their office, nor could they be thus formidable without their own merits. But do not measure the importance of this class by their pretension, or imagine that a fop can be the dispenser of honor and shame. They pass also at their just rate; for how can they otherwise, in circles which exist as a sort of herald's office for the sifting of character?

As the first thing man requires of man is reality, so that appears in all the forms of society. We pointedly, and by name, introduce the parties to each other. Know you before all heaven and earth, that this is Andrew, and this is Gregory, — they look each other in the eye; they grasp each other's hand, to identify and signalize each other. It is a great satisfaction. A gentleman never dodges; his eyes look straight forward, and he assures the other party, first of all, that he has been met. For what is it that we seek, in so many visits and hospitalities? Is it your draperies, pictures and decorations? Or do we not insatiably ask, Was a man in the house? I may easily go into a great household where there is much substance, excellent provision for comfort, luxury and taste, and yet not encounter

there any Amphitryon [29] who shall subordinate these appendages. I may go into a cottage, and find a farmer who feels that he is the man I have come to see, and fronts me accordingly. It was therefore a very natural point of old feudal etiquette that a gentleman who received a visit, though it were of his sovereign, should not leave his roof, but should wait his arrival at the door of his house. No house, though it were the Tuileries or the Escurial, is good for anything without a master. And yet we are not often gratified by this hospitality. Everybody we know surrounds himself with a fine house, fine books, conservatory, gardens, equipage and all manner of toys, as screens to interpose between himself and his guest. Does it not seem as if man was of a very sly, elusive nature, and dreaded nothing so much as a full rencontre front to front with his fellow? It were unmerciful, I know, quite to abolish the use of these screens, which are of eminent convenience, whether the guest is too great or too little. We call together many friends who keep each other in play, or by luxuries and ornaments we amuse the young people, and guard our retirement. Or if perchance a searching realist comes to our gate, before whose eye we have no care to stand, then again we run to our curtain, and hide ourselves as Adam at the voice of the Lord God in the garden. Cardinal Caprara, the Pope's legate at Paris, defended himself from the glances of Napoleon by an immense pair of green spectacles. Napoleon remarked them, and speedily managed to rally them off: and yet Napoleon, in his turn, was not great enough, with eight hundred thousand troops at his back, to face a pair of freeborn eyes, but fenced himself with etiquette and within triple barriers of reserve; and, as all the world knows from Madame de

Staël, was wont, when he found himself observed, to discharge his face of all expression. But emperors and rich men are by no means the most skilful masters of good manners. No rent-roll nor army-list can dignify skulking and dissimulation; and the first point of courtesy must always be truth, as really all the forms of good-breeding point that way.

I have just been reading, in Mr. Hazlitt's translation, Montaigne's account of his journey into Italy, and am struck with nothing more agreeably than the self-respecting fashions of the time. His arrival in each place, the arrival of a gentleman of France, is an event of some consequence. Wherever he goes he pays a visit to whatever prince or gentleman of note resides upon his road, as a duty to himself and to civilization. When he leaves any house in which he has lodged for a few weeks, he causes his arms to be painted and hung up as a perpetual sign to the house, as was the custom of gentlemen.

The complement of this graceful self-respect, and that of all the points of good-breeding I most require and insist upon, is deference. I like that every chair [30] should be a throne, and hold a king. I prefer a tendency to stateliness to an excess of fellowship. Let the incommunicable objects of nature and the metaphysical isolation of man teach us independence. Let us not be too much acquainted. I would have a man enter his house through a hall filled with heroic and sacred sculptures, that he might not want the hint of tranquillity and self-poise. We should meet each morning as from foreign countries, and, spending the day together, should depart at night, as into foreign countries. In all things I would have the island of a man inviolate. Let us sit apart as the gods, talking from

peak to peak all round Olympus. No degree of affection need invade this religion. This is myrrh and rosemary to keep the other sweet. Lovers should guard their strangeness.[31] If they forgive too much, all slides into confusion and meanness. It is easy to push this deference to a Chinese etiquette; but coolness and absence of heat and haste indicate fine qualities. A gentleman makes no noise; a lady is serene. Proportionate is our disgust at those invaders who fill a studious house with blast and running, to secure some paltry convenience. Not less I dislike a low sympathy of each with his neighbor's needs. Must we have a good understanding with one another's palates? as foolish people [32] who have lived long together know when each wants salt or sugar. I pray my companion, if he wishes for bread, to ask me for bread, and if he wishes for sassafras or arsenic, to ask me for them, and not to hold out his plate as if I knew already. Every natural function can be dignified by deliberation and privacy. Let us leave hurry to slaves. The compliments and ceremonies of our breeding should recall,[33] however remotely, the grandeur of our destiny.

The flower of courtesy does not very well bide handling, but if we dare to open another leaf and explore what parts go to its conformation, we shall find also an intellectual quality. To the leaders of men, the brain as well as the flesh and the heart must furnish a proportion. Defect in manners is usually the defect of fine perceptions. Men are too coarsely made for the delicacy of beautiful carriage and customs. It is not quite sufficient to good-breeding, a union of kindness and independence. We imperatively require a perception of, and a homage to beauty in our companions. Other virtues are in request in the field and

workyard, but a certain degree of taste is not to be spared in those we sit with. I could better eat with one who did not respect the truth or the laws than with a sloven and unpresentable person. Moral qualities rule the world, but at short distances the senses are despotic. The same discrimination of fit and fair runs out, if with less rigor, into all parts of life. The average spirit of the energetic class is good sense, acting under certain limitations and to certain ends. It entertains every natural gift. Social in its nature, it respects everything which tends to unite men. It delights in measure. The love of beauty is mainly the love of measure or proportion. The person who screams, or uses the superlative degree, or converses with heat, puts whole drawing-rooms to flight. If you wish to be loved, love measure. You must have genius or a prodigious usefulness if you will hide the want of measure. This perception comes in to polish and perfect the parts of the social instrument. Society will pardon much to genius and special gifts, but, being in its nature a convention, it loves what is conventional, or what belongs to coming together.[34] That makes the good and bad of manners, namely what helps or hinders fellowship. For fashion is not good sense absolute, but relative; not good sense private, but good sense entertaining company. It hates corners and sharp points of character, hates quarrelsome, egotistical, solitary and gloomy people; hates whatever can interfere with total blending of parties; whilst it values all peculiarities as in the highest degree refreshing, which can consist with good fellowship. And besides the general infusion of wit to heighten civility, the direct splendor of intellectual power is ever welcome in fine society as the costliest addition to its rule and its credit.

The dry light must shine in to adorn our festival, but it must be tempered and shaded, or that will also offend.[35] Accuracy is essential to beauty, and quick perceptions to politeness, but not too quick perceptions. One may be too punctual and too precise. He must leave the omniscience of business at the door, when he comes into the palace of beauty. Society loves creole natures and sleepy languishing manners, so that they cover sense, grace and good-will: the air of drowsy strength, which disarms criticism; perhaps because such a person seems to reserve himself for the best of the game, and not spend himself on surfaces; an ignoring eye, which does not see the annoyances, shifts and inconveniences that cloud the brow and smother the voice of the sensitive.

Therefore besides personal force and so much perception as constitutes unerring taste, society demands in its patrician class another element already intimated, which it significantly terms good-nature, — expressing all degrees of generosity, from the lowest willingness and faculty to oblige, up to the heights of magnanimity and love. Insight we must have,[36] or we shall run against one another and miss the way to our food; but intellect is selfish and barren. The secret of success in society is a certain heartiness and sympathy. A man who is not happy in the company cannot find any word in his memory that will fit the occasion. All his information is a little impertinent.[37] A man who is happy there, finds in every turn of the conversation equally lucky occasions for the introduction of that which he has to say. The favorites of society, and what it calls *whole souls*,[38] are able men and of more spirit than wit, who have no uncomfortable egotism, but who exactly fill the hour and the company; contented and content-

ing, at a marriage or a funeral, a ball or a jury, a water-party or a shooting-match. England, which is rich in gentlemen, furnished, in the beginning of the present century, a good model of that genius which the world loves, in Mr. Fox, who added to his great abilities the most social disposition and real love of men. Parliamentary history has few better passages than the debate in which Burke and Fox separated in the House of Commons; when Fox urged on his old friend the claims of old friendship with such tenderness that the house was moved to tears. Another anecdote is so close to my matter, that I must hazard the story. A tradesman who had long dunned him for a note of three hundred guineas, found him one day counting gold, and demanded payment. "No," said Fox, "I owe this money to Sheridan; it is a debt of honor; if an accident should happen to me, he has nothing to show." "Then," said the creditor, "I change my debt into a debt of honor," and tore the note in pieces. Fox thanked the man for his confidence and paid him, saying, "his debt was of older standing, and Sheridan must wait." Lover of liberty, friend of the Hindoo, friend of the African slave, he possessed a great personal popularity; and Napoleon said of him on the occasion of his visit to Paris, in 1805, "Mr. Fox will always hold the first place in an assembly at the Tuileries."

We may easily seem ridiculous in our eulogy of courtesy, whenever we insist on benevolence as its foundation. The painted phantasm Fashion rises to cast a species of derision on what we say. But I will neither be driven from some allowance to Fashion as a symbolic institution, nor from the belief that love is the basis of courtesy.[39] We must obtain *that*, if we can; but by all means we must affirm *this*. Life owes

much of its spirit to these sharp contrasts. Fashion, which affects to be honor, is often, in all men's experience, only a ballroom code. Yet so long as it is the highest circle in the imagination of the best heads on the planet, there is something necessary and excellent in it; for it is not to be supposed that men have agreed to be the dupes of anything preposterous; and the respect which these mysteries inspire in the most rude and sylvan characters, and the curiosity with which details of high life are read, betray the universality of the love of cultivated manners. I know that a comic disparity would be felt, if we should enter the acknowledged 'first circles' and apply these terrific standards of justice, beauty and benefit to the individuals actually found there. Monarchs and heroes, sages and lovers, these gallants are not. Fashion has many classes and many rules of probation and admission, and not the best alone. There is not only the right of conquest, which genius pretends, — the individual demonstrating his natural aristocracy best of the best; [40] — but less claims will pass for the time; for Fashion loves lions, and points like Circe [41] to her horned company. This gentleman is this afternoon arrived from Denmark; and that is my Lord Ride, who came yesterday from Bagdat; here is Captain Friese, from Cape Turnagain; and Captain Symmes, from the interior of the earth; and Monsieur Jovaire, who came down this morning in a balloon; Mr. Hobnail, the reformer; and Reverend Jul Bat, who has converted the whole torrid zone in his Sunday school; and Signor Torre del Greco, who extinguished Vesuvius by pouring into it the Bay of Naples; Spahi, the Persian ambassador; and Tul Wil Shan, the exiled nabob of Nepaul, whose saddle is the new moon. — But these are monsters of one day,

and to-morrow will be dismissed to their holes and dens; for in these rooms every chair is waited for. The artist, the scholar, and, in general, the clerisy,[42] win their way up into these places and get represented here, somewhat on this footing of conquest. Another mode is to pass through all the degrees, spending a year and a day in St. Michael's Square,[43] being steeped in Cologne water, and perfumed, and dined, and introduced, and properly grounded in all the biography and politics and anecdotes of the boudoirs.

Yet these fineries may have grace and wit. Let there be grotesque sculpture [44] about the gates and offices of temples. Let the creed and commandments even have the saucy homage of parody.[45] The forms of politeness universally express benevolence in superlative degrees. What if they are in the mouths of selfish men, and used as means of selfishness? What if the false gentleman almost bows the true out of the world? What if the false gentleman contrives so to address his companion as civilly to exclude all others from his discourse, and also to make them feel excluded? Real service will not lose its nobleness. All generosity is not merely French and sentimental; nor is it to be concealed that living blood and a passion of kindness does at last distinguish God's gentleman from Fashion's. The epitaph of Sir Jenkin Grout is not wholly unintelligible to the present age: "Here lies Sir Jenkin Grout, who loved his friend and persuaded his enemy: what his mouth ate, his hand paid for: what his servants robbed, he restored: if a woman gave him pleasure, he supported her in pain: he never forgot his children; and whoso touched his finger, drew after it his whole body." [46] Even the line of heroes is not utterly extinct. There is still ever some admirable person in plain

clothes, standing on the wharf, who jumps in to rescue a drowning man; there is still some absurd inventor of charities; some guide and comforter of runaway slaves; some friend of Poland; some Philhellene; some fanatic who plants shade-trees for the second and third generation, and orchards when he is grown old; some well-concealed piety; some just man happy in an ill fame; some youth ashamed of the favors of fortune and impatiently casting them on other shoulders. And these are the centres of society, on which it returns for fresh impulses. These are the creators of Fashion, which is an attempt to organize beauty of behavior. The beautiful and the generous are, in the theory, the doctors and apostles of this church: Scipio, and the Cid, and Sir Philip Sidney, and Washington, and every pure and valiant heart who worshipped Beauty by word and by deed. The persons who constitute the natural aristocracy are not found in the actual aristocracy, or only on its edge; as the chemical energy of the spectrum is found to be greatest just outside of the spectrum. Yet that is the infirmity of the seneschals, who do not know their sovereign when he appears. The theory of society supposes the existence and sovereignty of these. It divines afar off their coming. It says with the elder gods, —

> "As Heaven and Earth are fairer far
> Than Chaos and blank Darkness, though once chiefs;
> And as we show beyond that Heaven and Earth
> In form and shape compact and beautiful; . . .
> So on our heels a fresh perfection treads,
> A power more strong in beauty, born of us
> And fated to excel us, as we pass
> In glory that old Darkness . . . .
> . . . For 't is the eternal law
> That first in beauty shall be first in might." [47]

Therefore, within the ethnical circle [48] of good society there is a narrower and higher circle, concentration of its light, and flower of courtesy, to which there is always a tacit appeal of pride and reference, as to its inner and imperial court; the parliament of love and chivalry. And this is constituted of those persons in whom heroic dispositions are native; with the love of beauty, the delight in society, and the power to embellish the passing day. If the individuals who compose the purest circles of aristocracy in Europe, the guarded blood of centuries, should pass in review, in such manner as that we could at leisure and critically inspect their behavior, we might find no gentleman and no lady; for although excellent specimens of courtesy and high-breeding would gratify us in the assemblage, in the particulars we should detect offence. Because elegance comes of no breeding, but of birth. There must be romance of character, or the most fastidious exclusion of impertinencies will not avail. It must be genius which takes that direction: it must be not courteous, but courtesy. High behavior is as rare in fiction as it is in fact. Scott is praised for the fidelity with which he painted the demeanor and conversation of the superior classes. Certainly, kings and queens, nobles and great ladies, had some right to complain of the absurdity that had been put in their mouths before the days of Waverley; but neither does Scott's dialogue bear criticism. His lords brave each other in smart epigrammatic speeches, but the dialogue is in costume, and does not please on the second reading: it is not warm with life. In Shakspeare alone the speakers do not strut and bridle, the dialogue is easily great, and he adds to so many titles that of being the best-bred man in England and in Christendom. Once or twice

in a lifetime we are permitted to enjoy the charm of noble manners, in the presence of a man or woman who have no bar in their nature, but whose character emanates freely in their word and gesture. A beautiful form is better than a beautiful face; a beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form: it gives a higher pleasure than statues or pictures; it is the finest of the fine arts.[49] A man is but a little thing in the midst of the objects of nature, yet, by the moral quality radiating from his countenance he may abolish all considerations of magnitude, and in his manners equal the majesty of the world. I have seen an individual whose manners, though wholly within the conventions of elegant society, were never learned there, but were original and commanding and held out protection and prosperity; one who did not need the aid of a court-suit, but carried the holiday in his eye; who exhilarated the fancy by flinging wide the doors of new modes of existence; who shook off the captivity of etiquette, with happy, spirited bearing, good-natured and free as Robin Hood; yet with the port of an emperor, if need be, — calm, serious and fit to stand the gaze of millions.

The open air and the fields, the street and public chambers are the places where Man executes his will; let him yield or divide the sceptre at the door of the house. Woman, with her instinct of behavior, instantly detects in man a love of trifles, any coldness or imbecility, or, in short, any want of that large, flowing and magnanimous deportment which is indispensable as an exterior in the hall. Our American institutions have been friendly to her, and at this moment I esteem it a chief felicity of this country, that it excels in women. A certain awkward consciousness of inferiority in the men may give rise to the new chivalry in behalf of

Woman's Rights. Certainly let her be as much better placed in the laws and in social forms as the most zealous reformer can ask, but I confide so entirely in her inspiring and musical nature, that I believe only herself can show us how she shall be served. The wonderful generosity of her sentiments raises her at times into heroical and godlike regions, and verifies the pictures of Minerva, Juno, or Polymnia; and by the firmness with which she treads her upward path, she convinces the coarsest calculators [50] that another road exists than that which their feet know. But besides those who make good in our imagination the place of muses and of Delphic Sibyls, are there not women who fill our vase with wine and roses to the brim, so that the wine runs over and fills the house with perfume; who inspire us with courtesy; who unloose our tongues and we speak; who anoint our eyes and we see? [51] We say things we never thought to have said; for once, our walls of habitual reserve vanished and left us at large; we were children playing with children in a wide field of flowers. Steep us, we cried, in these influences, for days, for weeks, and we shall be sunny poets and will write out in many-colored words the romance that you are. Was it Hafiz or Firdousi [52] that said of his Persian Lilla, She was an elemental force, and astonished me by her amount of life, when I saw her day after day radiating, every instant, redundant joy and grace on all around her? She was a solvent powerful to reconcile all heterogeneous persons into one society: like air or water, an element of such a great range of affinities that it combines readily with a thousand substances. Where she is present all others will be more than they are wont. She was a unit and whole, so that whatsoever she did, became her. She had too much sympathy

and desire to please, than that you could say her manners were marked with dignity, yet no princess could surpass her clear and erect demeanor on each occasion. She did not study the Persian grammar, nor the books of the seven poets, but all the poems of the seven seemed to be written upon her. For though the bias of her nature was not to thought, but to sympathy, yet was she so perfect in her own nature as to meet intellectual persons by the fulness of her heart, warming them by her sentiments; believing, as she did, that by dealing nobly with all, all would show themselves noble.

I know that this Byzantine pile [53] of chivalry or Fashion, which seems so fair and picturesque to those who look at the contemporary facts for science or for entertainment, is not equally pleasant to all spectators. The constitution of our society makes it a giant's castle to the ambitious youth who have not found their names enrolled in its Golden Book,[54] and whom it has excluded from its coveted honors and privileges. They have yet to learn that its seeming grandeur is shadowy and relative: it is great by their allowance; its proudest gates will fly open at the approach of their courage and virtue. For the present distress, however, of those who are predisposed to suffer from the tyrannies of this caprice, there are easy remedies. To remove your residence a couple of miles,[55] or at most four, will commonly relieve the most extreme susceptibility. For the advantages which fashion values are plants which thrive in very confined localities, in a few streets namely. Out of this precinct they go for nothing; are of no use in the farm, in the forest, in the market, in war, in the nuptial society, in the literary or scientific circle, at sea, in friendship, in the heaven of thought or virtue.

But we have lingered long enough in these painted courts. The worth of the thing signified must vindicate our taste for the emblem. Everything that is called fashion and courtesy humbles itself before the cause and fountain of honor, creator of titles and dignities, namely the heart of love. This is the royal blood, this the fire, which[56] in all countries and contingencies, will work after its kind and conquer and expand all that approaches it. This gives new meanings to every fact. This impoverishes the rich, suffering no grandeur but its own. What *is* rich? Are you rich enough to help anybody? to succor the unfashionable and the eccentric? rich enough to make the Canadian in his wagon, the itinerant with his consul's paper which commends him "To the charitable," the swarthy Italian with his few broken words of English, the lame pauper hunted by overseers from town to town, even the poor insane or besotted wreck of man or woman, feel the noble exception of your presence and your house from the general bleakness and stoniness; to make such feel that they were greeted with a voice which made them both remember and hope? What is vulgar but to refuse the claim on acute and conclusive reasons?[57] What is gentle, but to allow it, and give their heart and yours one holiday from the national caution? Without the rich heart, wealth is an ugly beggar. The king of Schiraz could not afford to be so bountiful as the poor Osman[58] who dwelt at his gate. Osman had a humanity so broad and deep that although his speech was so bold and free with the Koran as to disgust all the dervishes, yet was there never a poor outcast, eccentric, or insane man, some fool who had cut off his beard, or who had been mutilated under a vow, or had a pet madness in his brain, but fled at once to him;

that great heart lay there so sunny and hospitable in the centre of the country, that it seemed as if the instinct of all sufferers drew them to his side. And the madness which he harbored he did not share. Is not this to be rich? this only to be rightly rich?

But I shall hear without pain that I play the courtier very ill, and talk of that which I do not well understand. It is easy to see that what is called by distinction society and fashion has good laws as well as bad, has much that is necessary, and much that is absurd. Too good for banning,[59] and too bad for blessing, it reminds us of a tradition of the pagan mythology, in any attempt to settle its character. 'I overheard Jove, one day,' said Silenus, 'talking of destroying the earth; he said it had failed; they were all rogues and vixens, who went from bad to worse, as fast as the days succeeded each other. Minerva said she hoped not; they were only ridiculous little creatures, with this odd circumstance, that they had a blur, or indeterminate aspect, seen far or seen near; if you called them bad, they would appear so; if you called them good, they would appear so; and there was no one person or action among them which would not puzzle her owl, much more all Olympus, to know whether it was fundamentally bad or good.' [60]

FRIENDSHIP

A RUDDY drop of manly blood [1]
The surging sea outweighs;
The world uncertain comes and goes,
The lover rooted stays.
I fancied he was fled,
And, after many a year,
Glowed unexhausted kindliness
Like daily sunrise there.
My careful heart was free again, —
O friend, my bosom said,
Through thee alone the sky is arched,
Through thee the rose is red,
All things through thee take nobler form
And look beyond the earth,
The mill-round of our fate appears [2]
A sun-path in thy worth.
Me too thy nobleness has taught
To master my despair;
The fountains of my hidden life
Are through thy friendship fair.

FRIENDSHIP

We have a great deal more kindness than is ever spoken. Maugre all the selfishness that chills like east winds the world, the whole human family is bathed with an element of love like a fine ether. How many persons we meet in houses, whom we scarcely speak to, whom yet we honor, and who honor us! How many we see in the street, or sit with in church, whom, though silently, we warmly rejoice to be with! Read the language of these wandering eye-beams. The heart knoweth.

The effect of the indulgence of this human affection is a certain cordial exhilaration. In poetry and in common speech the emotions of benevolence and complacency which are felt towards others are likened to the material effects of fire; so swift, or much more swift, more active, more cheering, are these fine inward irradiations. From the highest degree of passionate love to the lowest degree of good-will, they make the sweetness of life.

Our intellectual and active powers increase with our affection.[3] The scholar sits down to write, and all his years of meditation do not furnish him with one good thought or happy expression; but it is necessary to write a letter to a friend, — and forthwith troops of gentle thoughts invest themselves, on every hand, with chosen words. See, in any house where virtue and self-respect abide, the palpitation which the approach of a stranger causes. A commended stranger is expected

and announced, and an uneasiness betwixt pleasure and pain invades all the hearts of a household. His arrival almost brings fear to the good hearts that would welcome him. The house is dusted, all things fly into their places, the old coat is exchanged for the new, and they must get up a dinner if they can. Of a commended stranger, only the good report is told by others, only the good and new is heard by us. He stands to us for humanity. He is what we wish. Having imagined and invested him, we ask how we should stand related in conversation and action with such a man, and are uneasy with fear. The same idea exalts conversation with him. We talk better than we are wont.[4] We have the nimblest fancy, a richer memory, and our dumb devil has taken leave for the time. For long hours we can continue a series of sincere, graceful, rich communications, drawn from the oldest, secretest experience, so that they who sit by, of our own kinsfolk and acquaintance, shall feel a lively surprise at our unusual powers. But as soon as the stranger begins to intrude his partialities, his definitions, his defects into the conversation, it is all over.[5] He has heard the first, the last and best he will ever hear from us. He is no stranger now. Vulgarity, ignorance, misapprehension are old acquaintances. Now, when he comes, he may get the order, the dress and the dinner, — but the throbbing of the heart and the communications of the soul, no more.

What is so pleasant as these jets of affection which make a young world for me again? What so delicious as a just and firm encounter of two, in a thought, in a feeling? How beautiful, on their approach to this beating heart, the steps and forms of the gifted and the true! The moment we indulge our affections, the earth is metamorphosed;[6] there is no winter and no

night; all tragedies, all ennuis vanish, — all duties even; nothing fills the proceeding eternity but the forms all radiant of beloved persons. Let the soul be assured that somewhere in the universe it should rejoin its friend, and it would be content and cheerful alone for a thousand years.

I awoke this morning with devout thanksgiving for my friends, the old and the new. Shall I not call God the Beautiful, who daily showeth himself so to me in his gifts? I chide society, I embrace solitude, and yet I am not so ungrateful as not to see the wise, the lovely and the noble-minded, as from time to time they pass my gate. Who hears me, who understands me, becomes mine, — a possession for all time. Nor is Nature so poor but she gives me this joy several times, and thus we weave social threads of our own, a new web of relations; and, as many thoughts in succession substantiate themselves, we shall by and by stand in a new world of our own creation, and no longer strangers and pilgrims in a traditionary globe. My friends have come to me unsought. The great God gave them to me. By oldest right, by the divine affinity of virtue with itself, I find them, or rather not I, but the Deity in me and in them [7] derides and cancels the thick walls of individual character, relation, age, sex, circumstance, at which he usually connives, and now makes many one. High thanks I owe you, excellent lovers, who carry out the world for me to new and noble depths, and enlarge the meaning of all my thoughts. These are new poetry of the first Bard, — poetry without stop, — hymn, ode and epic, poetry still flowing, Apollo and the Muses chanting still. Will these too separate themselves from me again, or some of them? I know not, but I fear it not; for my relation to them

is so pure that we hold by simple affinity, and the Genius of my life being thus social, the same affinity will exert its energy on whomsoever is as noble as these men and women, wherever I may be.

I confess to an extreme tenderness of nature on this point. It is almost dangerous to me to "crush the sweet poison of misused wine" [8] of the affections. A new person is to me a great event and hinders me from sleep. I have often had fine fancies about persons which have given me delicious hours; but the joy ends in the day; it yields no fruit. Thought is not born of it; my action is very little modified. I must feel pride in my friend's accomplishments as if they were mine, and a property in his virtues. I feel as warmly when he is praised, as the lover when he hears applause of his engaged maiden. We over-estimate the conscience of our friend. His goodness seems better than our goodness, his nature finer, his temptations less. Everything that is his, — his name, his form, his dress, books and instruments,—fancy enhances. Our own thought sounds new and larger from his mouth.[9]

Yet the systole and diastole [10] of the heart are not without their analogy in the ebb and flow of love. Friendship, like the immortality of the soul, is too good to be believed. The lover, beholding his maiden, half knows that she is not verily that which he worships; and in the golden hour of friendship we are surprised with shades of suspicion and unbelief. We doubt that we bestow on our hero the virtues in which he shines, and afterwards worship the form to which we have ascribed this divine inhabitation. In strictness, the soul does not respect men as it respects itself. In strict science all persons underlie the same condition of an infinite remoteness. Shall we fear to cool our love by min-

ing for the metaphysical foundation of this Elysian temple? Shall I not be as real as the things I see? If I am, I shall not fear to know them for what they are. Their essence is not less beautiful than their appearance, though it needs finer organs for its apprehension. The root of the plant is not unsightly to science, though for chaplets and festoons we cut the stem short. And I must hazard the production of the bald fact amidst these pleasing reveries, though it should prove an Egyptian skull[11] at our banquet. A man who stands united with his thought conceives magnificently of himself. He is conscious of a universal success,[12] even though bought by uniform particular failures. No advantages, no powers, no gold or force, can be any match for him. I cannot choose but rely on my own poverty more than on your wealth. I cannot make your consciousness tantamount to mine. Only the star dazzles; the planet has a faint, moonlike ray. I hear what you say of the admirable parts and tried temper of the party you praise, but I see well that, for all his purple cloaks, I shall not like him, unless he is at least a poor Greek like me. I cannot deny it, O friend, that the vast shadow of the Phenomenal includes thee also in its pied and painted immensity, — thee also, compared with whom all else is shadow. Thou art not Being, as Truth is, as Justice is, — thou art not my soul, but a picture and effigy of that. Thou hast come to me lately, and already thou art seizing thy hat and cloak.[13] Is it not that the soul puts forth friends as the tree puts forth leaves, and presently, by the germination of new buds, extrudes the old leaf? The law of nature is alternation for evermore. Each electrical state superinduces the opposite. The soul environs itself with friends that it may enter into a

grander self-acquaintance or solitude;[14] and it goes alone for a season that it may exalt its conversation or society. This method betrays itself along the whole history of our personal relations. The instinct of affection revives the hope of union with our mates, and the returning sense of insulation recalls us from the chase. Thus every man passes his life in the search after friendship, and if he should record his true sentiment, he might write a letter like this to each new candidate for his love: —

Dear Friend,

If I was sure of thee, sure of thy capacity, sure to match my mood with thine, I should never think again of trifles in relation to thy comings and goings. I am not very wise; my moods are quite attainable, and I respect thy genius; it is to me as yet unfathomed; yet dare I not presume in thee a perfect intelligence of me, and so thou art to me a delicious torment. Thine ever, or never.

Yet these uneasy pleasures and fine pains are for curiosity and not for life.[15] They are not to be indulged. This is to weave cobweb, and not cloth. Our friendships hurry to short and poor conclusions, because we have made them a texture of wine and dreams, instead of the tough fibre of the human heart. The laws of friendship[16] are austere and eternal, of one web with the laws of nature and of morals. But we have aimed at a swift and petty benefit, to suck a sudden sweetness.[17] We snatch at the slowest fruit in the whole garden of God, which many summers and many winters must ripen. We seek our friend not sacredly,[18] but with an adulterate passion which would appropriate

him to ourselves. In vain. We are armed all over with subtle antagonisms, which, as soon as we meet, begin to play, and translate all poetry into stale prose. Almost all people descend to meet.[19] All association must be a compromise, and, what is worst, the very flower and aroma of the flower of each of the beautiful natures disappears as they approach each other. What a perpetual disappointment is actual society, even of the virtuous and gifted! After interviews have been compassed with long foresight we must be tormented presently by baffled blows, by sudden, unseasonable apathies, by epilepsies of wit and of animal spirits, in the heyday of friendship and thought. Our faculties do not play us true, and both parties are relieved by solitude.

I ought to be equal to every relation.[20] It makes no difference how many friends I have and what content I can find in conversing with each, if there be one to whom I am not equal. If I have shrunk unequal from one contest, the joy I find in all the rest becomes mean and cowardly. I should hate myself, if then I made my other friends my asylum: —

> "The valiant warrior famousèd for fight,
> After a hundred victories, once foiled,
> Is from the book of honor razèd quite
> And all the rest forgot for which he toiled." [21]

Our impatience is thus sharply rebuked. Bashfulness and apathy are a tough husk in which a delicate organization is protected from premature ripening. It would be lost if it knew itself before any of the best souls were yet ripe enough to know and own it. Respect the *naturlangsamkeit* [22] which hardens the ruby in a million years, and works in duration in which Alps and Andes come and go as rainbows. The good

spirit of our life has no heaven which is the price of rashness.[23] Love, which is the essence of God, is not for levity, but for the total worth of man. Let us not have this childish luxury in our regards, but the austerest worth; let us approach our friend with an audacious trust in the truth of his heart, in the breadth, impossible to be overturned, of his foundations.

The attractions of this subject are not to be resisted, and I leave, for the time, all account of subordinate social benefit, to speak of that select and sacred relation which is a kind of absolute, and which even leaves the language of love suspicious and common, so much is this purer, and nothing is so much divine.

I do not wish to treat friendships daintily, but with roughest courage. When they are real, they are not glass threads or frostwork, but the solidest thing we know. For now, after so many ages of experience, what do we know of nature or of ourselves? Not one step has man taken toward the solution of the problem of his destiny. In one condemnation of folly stand the whole universe of men.[24] But the sweet sincerity of joy and peace which I draw from this alliance with my brother's soul is the nut itself [25] whereof all nature and all thought is but the husk and shell. Happy is the house that shelters a friend! It might well be built, like a festal bower or arch, to entertain him a single day. Happier, if he know the solemnity of that relation and honor its law! He who offers himself a candidate for that covenant comes up, like an Olympian, to the great games where the first-born of the world are the competitors. He proposes himself for contests where Time, Want, Danger, are in the lists, and he alone is victor who has truth enough in his constitution to preserve the delicacy of his beauty from the

wear and tear of all these. The gifts of fortune may be present or absent, but all the speed in that contest depends on intrinsic nobleness and the contempt of trifles. There are two elements that go to the composition of friendship, each so sovereign that I can detect no superiority in either, no reason why either should be first named. One is truth. A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere. Before him I may think aloud. I am arrived at last in the presence of a man so real and equal that I may drop even those undermost garments[26] of dissimulation, courtesy, and second thought, which men never put off, and may deal with him with the simplicity and wholeness with which one chemical atom meets another. Sincerity is the luxury allowed,[27] like diadems and authority, only to the highest rank; *that* being permitted to speak truth, as having none above it to court or conform unto. Every man alone is sincere.[28] At the entrance of a second person, hypocrisy begins. We parry and fend the approach of our fellow-man by compliments, by gossip, by amusements, by affairs. We cover up our thought from him under a hundred folds. I knew a man who under a certain religious frenzy cast off this drapery, and omitting all compliment and commonplace, spoke to the conscience of every person he encountered, and that with great insight and beauty.[29] At first he was resisted, and all men agreed he was mad. But persisting — as indeed he could not help doing — for some time in this course, he attained to the advantage of bringing every man of his acquaintance into true relations with him. No man would think of speaking falsely with him, or of putting him off with any chat of markets or reading-rooms. But every man was constrained by so much sincerity to the like plaindealing, and what love

of nature, what poetry, what symbol of truth he had, he did certainly show him. But to most of us society shows not its face and eye, but its side and its back. To stand in true relations with men in a false age is worth a fit of insanity, is it not?[30] We can seldom go erect. Almost every man we meet requires some civility — requires to be humored; he has some fame, some talent, some whim of religion or philanthropy in his head that is not to be questioned, and which spoils all conversation with him. But a friend is a sane man who exercises not my ingenuity, but me. My friend gives me entertainment without requiring any stipulation on my part. A friend therefore is a sort of paradox in nature. I who alone am, I who see nothing in nature whose existence I can affirm with equal evidence to my own, behold now the semblance of my being, in all its height, variety and curiosity, reiterated in a foreign form; so that a friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of nature.[31]

The other element of friendship is tenderness. We are holden to men by every sort of tie, by blood, by pride, by fear, by hope, by lucre, by lust, by hate, by admiration, by every circumstance and badge and trifle, — but we can scarce believe that so much character can subsist in another as to draw us by love. Can another be so blessed and we so pure that we can offer him tenderness? When a man becomes dear to me I have touched the goal of fortune. I find very little written directly to the heart of this matter in books. And yet I have one text which I cannot choose but remember. My author[32] says, — "I offer myself faintly and bluntly to those whose I effectually am, and tender myself least to him to whom I am the most devoted." I wish that friendship should have feet, as

well as eyes and eloquence. It must plant itself on the ground, before it vaults over the moon. I wish it to be a little of a citizen, before it is quite a cherub. We chide the citizen because he makes love a commodity. It is an exchange of gifts, of useful loans; it is good neighborhood; it watches with the sick; it holds the pall at the funeral; and quite loses sight of the delicacies and nobility of the relation. But though we cannot find the god under this disguise of a sutler, yet on the other hand we cannot forgive the poet if he spins his thread too fine and does not substantiate his romance by the municipal virtues of justice, punctuality, fidelity and pity. I hate the prostitution of the name of friendship to signify modish and worldly alliances. I much prefer the company of ploughboys and tin-peddlers to the silken and perfumed amity [33] which celebrates its days of encounter by a frivolous display, by rides in a curricle and dinners at the best taverns. The end of friendship is a commerce the most strict and homely that can be joined; more strict than any of which we have experience. It is for aid and comfort through all the relations and passages of life and death. It is fit for serene days and graceful gifts and country rambles, but also for rough roads and hard fare, shipwreck, poverty and persecution. It keeps company with the sallies of the wit and the trances of religion. We are to dignify to each other the daily needs and offices of man's life, and embellish it by courage, wisdom and unity. It should never fall into something usual and settled, but should be alert and inventive and add rhyme and reason to what was drudgery.[34]

Friendship may be said to require natures so rare and costly, each so well tempered and so happily adapted,

and withal so circumstanced (for even in that particular, a poet says, love demands that the parties be altogether paired), that its satisfaction can very seldom be assured. It cannot subsist in its perfection, say some of those who are learned in this warm lore of the heart, betwixt more than two. I am not quite so strict in my terms, perhaps because I have never known so high a fellowship as others. I please my imagination more with a circle of godlike men and women variously related to each other and between whom subsists a lofty intelligence. But I find this law of *one to one* peremptory for conversation,[35] which is the practice and consummation of friendship. Do not mix waters too much.[36] The best mix as ill as good and bad. You shall have very useful and cheering discourse at several times with two several men, but let all three of you come together and you shall not have one new and hearty word. Two may talk and one may hear, but three cannot take part in a conversation of the most sincere and searching sort. In good company there is never such discourse between two, across the table, as takes place when you leave them alone. In good company the individuals merge their egotism into a social soul exactly co-extensive with the several consciousnesses there present. No partialities of friend to friend, no fondnesses of brother to sister, of wife to husband, are there pertinent, but quite otherwise. Only he may then speak who can sail on the common thought of the party, and not poorly limited to his own. Now this convention, which good sense demands, destroys the high freedom of great conversation, which requires an absolute running of two souls into one.

No two men but being left alone with each other

enter into simpler relations. Yet it is affinity that determines *which* two shall converse. Unrelated men give little joy to each other, will never suspect the latent powers of each. We talk sometimes of a great talent for conversation, as if it were a permanent property in some individuals. Conversation is an evanescent relation, — no more.[37] A man is reputed to have thought and eloquence; he cannot, for all that, say a word to his cousin or his uncle. They accuse his silence with as much reason as they would blame the insignificance of a dial in the shade. In the sun it will mark the hour. Among those who enjoy his thought he will regain his tongue.

Friendship requires that rare mean betwixt likeness and unlikeness that piques each with the presence of power and of consent in the other party. Let me be alone to the end of the world, rather than that my friend should overstep, by a word or a look, his real sympathy. I am equally balked by antagonism and by compliance. Let him not cease an instant to be himself. The only joy I have in his being mine, is that the *not mine* is *mine*. I hate, where I looked for a manly futherance or at least a manly resistance, to find a mush of concession.[38] Better be a nettle in the side of your friend than his echo. The condition which high friendship demands is ability to do without it. That high office requires great and sublime parts. There must be very two, before there can be very one. Let it be an alliance of two large, formidable natures, mutually beheld, mutually feared, before yet they recognize the deep identity which, beneath these disparities, unites them.

He only is fit for this society who is magnanimous; who is sure that greatness and goodness are always

economy; who is not swift to intermeddle with his fortunes. Let him not intermeddle with this. Leave to the diamond its ages to grow, nor expect to accelerate the births of the eternal. Friendship demands a religious treatment. We talk of choosing our friends, but friends are self-elected. Reverence is a great part of it. Treat your friend as a spectacle. Of course he has merits that are not yours,[39] and that you cannot honor if you must needs hold him close to your person. Stand aside; give those merits room; let them mount and expand. Are you the friend of your friend's buttons,[40] or of his thought? To a great heart he will still be a stranger in a thousand particulars, that he may come near in the holiest ground. Leave it to girls and boys to regard a friend as property, and to suck a short and all-confounding pleasure, instead of the noblest benefit.[41]

Let us buy our entrance to this guild by a long probation. Why should we desecrate noble and beautiful souls by intruding on them? Why insist on rash personal relations with your friend?[42] Why go to his house, or know his mother and brother and sisters? Why be visited by him at your own? Are these things material to our covenant? Leave this touching and clawing. Let him be to me a spirit. A message, a thought, a sincerity, a glance from him, I want, but not news, nor pottage. I can get politics and chat and neighborly conveniences from cheaper companions. Should not the society of my friend be to me poetic, pure, universal and great as nature itself? Ought I to feel that our tie is profane in comparison with yonder bar of cloud that sleeps on the horizon, or that clump of waving grass that divides the brook? Let us not vilify, but raise it to that standard. That great

defying eye, that scornful beauty of his mien and action, do not pique yourself on reducing, but rather fortify and enchance. Worship his superiorities; wish him not less by a thought, but hoard and tell them all. Guard him as thy counterpart. Let him be to thee for ever a sort of beautiful enemy,[43] untamable, devoutly revered, and not a trivial conveniency to be soon outgrown and cast aside. The hues of the opal, the light of the diamond, are not to be seen if the eye is too near. To my friend I write a letter and from him I receive a letter.[44] That seems to you a little. It suffices me. It is a spiritual gift, worthy of him to give and of me to receive. It profanes nobody. In these warm lines the heart will trust itself, as it will not to the tongue, and pour out the prophecy of a godlier existence than all the annals of heroism have yet made good.

Respect so far the holy laws of this fellowship as not to prejudice its perfect flower by your impatience for its opening. We must be our own before we can be another's. There is at least this satisfaction in crime, according to the Latin proverb; — you can speak to your accomplice on even terms. *Crimen quos inquinat, æquat.*[45] To those whom we admire and love, at first we cannot. Yet the least defect of self-possession vitiates, in my judgment, the entire relation. There can never be deep peace between two spirits, never mutual respect, until in their dialogue each stands for the whole world.

What is so great as friendship, let us carry with what grandeur of spirit we can. Let us be silent,[46] — so we may hear the whisper of the gods. Let us not interfere. Who set you to cast about what you should say to the select souls, or how to say anything to such? No matter how ingenious, no matter how graceful and bland.

There are innumerable degrees of folly and wisdom, and for you to say aught is to be frivolous. Wait, and thy heart shall speak. Wait until the necessary and everlasting overpowers you, until day and night avail themselves of your lips. The only reward of virtue is virtue; the only way to have a friend is to be one. You shall not come nearer a man by getting into his house. If unlike, his soul only flees the faster from you, and you shall never catch a true glance of his eye. We see the noble afar off and they repel us; why should we intrude? Late, — very late, — we perceive that no arrangements,[47] no introductions, no consuetudes or habits of society would be of any avail to establish us in such relations with them as we desire, — but solely the uprise of nature in us to the same degree it is in them; then shall we meet as water with water; and if we should not meet them then, we shall not want them, for we are already they. In the last analysis, love is only the reflection of a man's own worthiness from other men. Men have sometimes exchanged names with their friends, as if they would signify that in their friend each loved his own soul.

The higher the style we demand of friendship, of course the less easy to establish it with flesh and blood. We walk alone in the world. Friends such as we desire are dreams and fables. But a sublime hope cheers ever the faithful heart, that elsewhere, in other regions of the universal power, souls are now acting, enduring and daring, which can love us and which we can love. We may congratulate ourselves that the period of nonage, of follies, of blunders and of shame, is passed in solitude, and when we are finished men we shall grasp heroic hands in heroic hands.[48] Only be admonished by what you already see, not to strike leagues

of friendship with cheap persons, where no friendship can be. Our impatience betrays us into rash and foolish alliances which no god attends. By persisting in your path, though you forfeit the little you gain the great. You demonstrate yourself, so as to put yourself out of the reach of false relations, and you draw to you the first-born of the world, — those rare pilgrims whereof only one or two wander in nature at once, and before whom the vulgar great show as spectres and shadows merely.

It is foolish to be afraid of making our ties too spiritual, as if so we could lose any genuine love. Whatever correction of our popular views we make from insight, nature will be sure to bear us out in, and though it seem to rob us of some joy, will repay us with a greater. Let us feel if we will the absolute insulation of man.[49] We are sure that we have all in us. We go to Europe, or we pursue persons, or we read books, in the instinctive faith that these will call it out and reveal us to ourselves. Beggars all. The persons are such as we; the Europe, an old faded garment of dead persons; the books, their ghosts. Let us drop this idolatry. Let us give over this mendicancy. Let us even bid our dearest friends farewell, and defy them, saying, 'Who are you? Unhand me: I will be dependent no more.' Ah! seest thou not, O brother, that thus we part only to meet again on a higher platform, and only be more each other's because we are more our own? A friend is Janus-faced; he looks to the past and the future. He is the child of all my foregoing hours, the prophet of those to come, and the harbinger of a greater friend.

I do then with my friends as I do with my books. I would have them where I can find them, but I sel-

dom use them. We must have society on our own terms and admit or exclude it on the slightest cause. I cannot afford to speak much with my friend.[50] If he is great he makes me so great that I cannot descend to converse. In the great days, presentiments hover before me in the firmament. I ought then to dedicate myself to them. I go in that I may seize them, I go out that I may seize them. I fear only that I may lose them receding into the sky in which now they are only a patch of brighter light. Then, though I prize my friends, I cannot afford to talk with them and study their visions, lest I lose my own. It would indeed give me a certain household joy to quit this lofty seeking, this spiritual astronomy or search of stars, and come down to warm sympathies with you; but then I know well I shall mourn always the vanishing of my mighty gods. It is true, next week I shall have languid moods, when I can well afford to occupy myself with foreign objects; then I shall regret the lost literature of your mind, and wish you were by my side again. But if you come, perhaps you will fill my mind only with new visions; not with yourself but with your lustres, and I shall not be able any more than now to converse with you. So I will owe to my friends this evanescent intercourse. I will receive from them not what they have but what they are. They shall give me that which properly they cannot give, but which emanates from them. But they shall not hold me by any relations less subtile and pure. We will meet as though we met not, and part as though we parted not.

It has seemed to me lately more possible than I knew, to carry a friendship greatly, on one side, without due correspondence on the other. Why should I cumber myself with regrets that the receiver is not

capacious? It never troubles the sun that some of his rays fall wide and vain into ungrateful space, and only a small part on the reflecting planet. Let your greatness educate the crude and cold companion. If he is unequal, he will presently pass away; but thou art enlarged by thy own shining, and no longer a mate for frogs and worms, dost soar and burn with the gods of the empyrean. It is thought a disgrace to love unrequited. But the great will see that true love cannot be unrequited.[51] True love transcends the unworthy object and dwells and broods on the eternal, and when the poor interposed mask crumbles, it is not sad, but feels rid of so much earth and feels its independency the surer. Yet these things may hardly be said without a sort of treachery to the relation. The essence of friendship is entireness, a total magnanimity and trust. It must not surmise or provide for infirmity. It treats its object as a god, that it may deify both.

NOTES

HISTORY

This is the essay first in the list of those presented to the public as the "First Series" of Emerson's essays. Part of the introduction provided by the Centenary Edition gives these facts and comments: —

After the publication of *Nature*, the first hint that appears of the collection by Mr. Emerson of his writings into a second book, occurs in the end of a letter to Mr. Alcott, written April 16, 1839, which Mr. Sanborn gives in his *Memoir of Bronson Alcott:* "I have been writing a little, and arranging old papers more, and by and by I hope to get a shapely book of Genesis."

In a letter written in April, 1840, to Carlyle, Mr. Emerson thus alludes to the *Essays:* —

"I am here at work now for a fortnight to spin some single cord out of my thousand and one strands of every color and texture that lie ravelled around me in old snarls. We need to be possessed with a mountainous conviction of the value of our advice to our contemporaries, if we will take such pains to find what that is. But no, it is the pleasure of the spinning that betrays poor spinners into the loss of so much good time. I shall work with the more diligence on this book-to-be of mine, that you inform me again and again that my penny tracts are still extant; nay, that beside friendly men, learned and poetic men read and even review them. I am like Scholasticus of the Greek Primer, who was ashamed to bring out so small a dead child before such grand people. Pygmalion shall try if he cannot fashion a better, — certainly a bigger."

Soon after *Nature* had appeared, Carlyle had written to his friend: "There is a man here called John Sterling, . . . whom I love better than any one I have met with, since a certain sky-messenger alighted to me at Craigenputtock and vanished in the Blue again. . . . Well, and what then, cry you? Why then, this John Sterling has fallen overhead in love with a certain Waldo Emerson; that is all. He saw the little book *Nature* lying here; and, across a whole *silva silvarum* of prejudices, discerned what was in it, took it to his heart, — and indeed into his pocket. . . . This is the small piece of pleasant news, that two sky-messengers (such they were, both of them, to me) have met and recognized each other, and by God's blessing there shall one day be a trio of us; call you that nothing?" Sterling wrote to Emerson and a noble friendship resulted. Although they

never met in the body, these friends had more in common with each other in their hope, their courage, and their desire for expression in poetry than either had with Carlyle. Sterling died in 1844.

In a curious and characteristic preface, among other things, Carlyle said: —

"The name of Ralph Waldo Emerson is not entirely new in England; distinguished travellers bring us tidings of such a man; fractions of his writings have found their way into the hands of the curious here; fitful hints that there is in New England some spiritual notability called Emerson glide through the reviews and magazines."

In Berlin, Herman Grimm (who later wrote the lives of Michelangelo and Raphael), while waiting his turn in the parlor of the American dentist, chanced to pick up the *Essays* from the table; "read a page, and was startled to find that I had understood nothing, though tolerably well acquainted with English. I inquired as to the author. In reply I was told that he was the first writer in America, an eminently gifted man, but somewhat crazed at times, and often unable to explain his own words. Notwithstanding, no one was held in such esteem for his character and for his prose writings. In short, the opinion fell upon my ears as so strange that I re-opened the book. Some sentences, upon a second reading, shot like a beam of light into my very soul, and I was moved to put the book in my pocket, that I might read it more attentively at home. . . . I took Webster's Dictionary and began to read. The construction of the sentences struck me as very extraordinary. I soon discovered the secret: they were real thoughts, an individual language, a sincere man that I had before me; naught superficial, second-hand. Enough! I bought the book! From that time I have never ceased to read Emerson's works, and whenever I take up a volume anew it seems to me as if I were reading it for the first time."

"History" was not delivered as a single lecture, but in writing it Mr. Emerson made use of passages from lectures in three distinct courses; namely, that on "English Literature" (1835–36), on "The Philosophy of History" (1836–37), and on "Human Life" (1837–38), as is shown by Mr. Cabot in the chronological list of lectures and addresses in the Appendix (F) to his Memoir.

The course on "The Philosophy of History" (1836–37) had the following lectures, many of which appear as such or in their matter in the *Essays:* —

I. Introduction (History has been ill written; its meaning and future, etc.)
II. Humanity of Science.
III. Art.
IV. Literature.
V. Politics.
VI. Religion.
VII. Society.
VIII. Trades and Professions.
IX. Manners.
X. Ethics.
XI. Present Age.
XII. Individualism.

In his Journal, Mr. Emerson thus lays out the course in advance, with the belief in the Over-Soul as the foundation of all.

There is one soul.
It is related to the world.
Art is its action thereon.
Science finds its methods.
Literature is its record.
Religion is the emotion of reverence that it inspires.
Ethics is the soul illustrated in human life.
Society is the finding of this soul by individuals in each other.
Trades are the learning the soul in nature by labor.
Politics is the activity of the soul illustrated in power.
Manners are silent and mediate expressions of soul.

NOTE 1. This is the upshot of Emerson's conception of History as a process. It is of course precisely the opposite of the ordinary notion of the subject. History is studied mainly to provide perspective and to help in distinguishing the great from the small. In *Uses of Great Men* he says: "The genius of humanity is the right point of view of history. . . . Once you saw phœnixes: they are gone; the world is not therefore disenchanted. . . . We have never come at the true and best benefit of any genius so long as we believe him an original force. In the moment when he ceases to help us as a cause, he begins to help us more as an effect. Then he appears as an exponent of a vaster mind and will. The opaque self becomes transparent with the light of the First Cause." In *Shakspeare: or, The Poet:* "We are very clumsy writers of history. We tell the chronicle of parentage, birth, birth-place, schooling, schoolmates, earning of money, marriage, publication of books, celebrity, death; and when we have come to an end of this gossip, no ray of relation appears between it and the goddess-born."

NOTE 2. This is characteristic. It reflects Emerson's reading in Oriental, Greek, and Old English literature. There is in it Platonic reminiscence, eastern and Teutonic mysticism.

NOTE 3. See *Nature*, and the duality of nature touched upon in *Compensation*.

NOTE 4. The word "consist" is used in its strict etymological sense and gives a startling emphasis to the idea.

NOTE 5. The paradox of dealing with exceptions and crises as being of the essence of nature is not merely verbal with Emerson. A similar principle animated the great scientist who advised, "Study the waste" for the key to discovery.

NOTE 6. See *Self-Reliance*.

NOTE 7. An example of the way in which the vague associations connected with a name may be made to rivet attention to a thought. One Hasdrubal died 207 B. C., and according to Livy his head was thrown into the camp of his brother Hannibal. Another died 221 B. C., assassinated by a slave whose master he had put to death. A third Hasdrubal was commander in the war against Masinissa, 150 B. C. After an obstinate resistance

he surrendered to Scipio, and was allowed to live in honorable captivity; but his wife upbraided him for his surrender and threw herself and her children into the flames in the temple where they had taken refuge.

NOTE 8. Cesare Borgia, 1478–1507, a man of personal beauty, a patron of learning, a resolute soldier, and a master of cruel perfidy, lived violently, died in war, and was celebrated as a model ruler by Macchiavelli in *Il Principe*. Few persons have vivid memories of this, but the names impress.

NOTE 9. Reminiscent of Wordsworth's Ode on *Intimations of Immortality*: —

> "At length the Man perceives it die away
> And fade into the light of common day."

NOTE 10. This recalls the æsthetic theory of Kant. The "note of the universal" is really this taking for granted our own competence. We cannot imagine any dissent from our opinions or our pleasures or our virtues when we are really engaged with works of any sort of art that makes its own appeal.

NOTE 11. The position of the adjectives after the noun illustrates the way in which the rhythm of the sentence influenced Emerson's style.

NOTE 12. See Joshua, x, 12: "Stand thou still upon Gibeon."

NOTE 13. The note in the Centenary Edition suggests inaccuracy here: —

"I am indebted to Professor Charles Eliot Norton for calling my attention to the probable compounding of the name Marmaduke Robinson, through a slip of Mr. Emerson's memory, out of the names of the two Quakers hung on Boston Common in 1659, Marmaduke Stevenson and William Robinson."

NOTE 14. Stonehenge is a prehistoric monument in Salisbury Plain, Wiltshire: it seems to have consisted of two concentric circles of upright stones inclosing two ellipses. The Ohio circles are aboriginal fortifications on the Scioto River, twenty-six miles south of Columbus. Mexico is a way of suggesting the interesting features of native Aztec civilization. Memphis is the early capital of Egypt.

NOTE 15. Belzoni, Giovanni Battista, 1778–1823, an Italian traveler, explorer, and athlete (at Astley's, London). He transferred the bust of the so-called Young Memnon from Thebes to the British Museum.

NOTE 16. One of the most important and least appreciated of Emerson's contributions to the natural history of thinking.

NOTE 17. The word was introduced into philosophy by Giovanni Bruno to denote the minimum parts of substances, supposed by him to be at once psychical and material. Leibnitz conceived the monad as absolutely unextended substance existing in space, its existence consisting in its activities, which are ideas; and the universe was, in his belief, made up of such ideas.

The history of each monad followed an internal law, and all intercourse between the monads was impossible; but there was a preëstablished harmony between these laws of the different monads. The term is applied in biology to any simple single-celled organism. Huxley says: "There is reason to think that certain organisms which pass through a monad stage of existence . . . are, at one time of their lives, dependent upon external sources for their protein matter, or are animals; and, at another period, manufacture it, or are plants."

NOTE 18. This use instead of brutality is rare. The Century Dictionary cites another instance from Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, II, viii, 12.

NOTE 19. This is not a precise statement. Io appears in the *Prometheus* as a fair woman with a heifer's horns.

NOTE 20. Herodotus wrote a history of the Persian invasion of Greece. Thucydides began a history of the Peloponnesian War. Xenophon described the expedition of the ten thousand Greeks to the Black Sea. Plutarch, author of *Forty-six Parallel Lives* of Greeks and Romans.

NOTE 21. Cf. *Papers from The Dial*, particularly "Thoughts on Modern Literature," "Europe and European Books," "Past and Present," and "A Letter."

NOTE 22. Another famous description of sculpture is "frozen music."

NOTE 23. Cf. "Xenophanes" in *Poems*.

NOTE 24. It is hardly possible that Emerson had not in mind while writing this sentence the remarkable natural formation in the White Mountains known as "The Old Man of the Mountain."

NOTE 25. This reference has a peculiarly personal emphasis, as shown by the note in the Centenary Edition: —

"In the month of April, 1839, Carlyle sent Raphael Morghen's engraving of the Aurora, by Guido in the Rospigliosi palace in Rome, to Mr. Emerson, saying, 'It is my wife's memorial to your wife. . . . Two houses divided by wide seas are to understand always that they are united nevertheless.' The picture still hangs in the parlor of Mr. Emerson's home, with the inscription which accompanied it: 'Will the lady of Concord hang up this Italian sun-chariot somewhere in her Drawing Room, and, looking at it, think sometimes of a household here which has good cause never to forget hers. T. CARLYLE.'

"Mr. Emerson used to point out to his children how the varied repetition of the manes, heads, and prancing forefeet of the horses were imitations of the curved folds of a great cumulus cloud."

NOTE 26. Roos, Johann Heinrich, 1631–1685, a German painter of animals.

NOTE 27. A similar claim is made by Ruskin for a certain type of artist.

NOTE 28. This is to all intents a quotation from himself. He has made the sentiment his own in theory and in practice.

NOTE 29. See the essays on "Art" (*Essays, First Series,* and *Society and Solitude*) and "The Problem" in *Poems.*

NOTE 30. The cathedral of Strassburg is fabled to have been begun in 600. When the great wooden tower burned down, Erwin, an architect, was employed to restore it. He began the work of restoration in 1227, but did not live to complete it. His sons Johannes and Erwin carried on the work from his drawings, which are still at Strassburg. The façade, the galleries, and the rose windows are of great beauty.

NOTE 31. See *Hamlet,* III, ii.

NOTE 32. This derivation of an architectural feature from a snow landscape is unusual. The arching of trees has been suggested for the origin of the pointed arch, the lotus and the acanthus have served as factors in art systems, but what may be called the architecture of snow and ice is not a common factor in explanation. The suggestion is worked out elaborately in Whittier's *Snow-Bound,* and delicately in the second prelude in Lowell's *Vision of Sir Launfal.*

NOTE 33. See "The Snow-Storm" in *Poems.*

NOTE 34. Heeren, Arnold Hermann Ludwig, 1760–1842, a German historian, professor of philosophy and history at Göttingen.

NOTE 35. A river of Ethiopia mentioned by Strabo. *C. E.*

NOTE 36. See De Quincey's *Flight of a Tartar Tribe.*

NOTE 37. This active transitive use of the verb is vigorous and smacks of the market. The force is much greater than if some ethical or literary word had been used.

NOTE 38. This is rather half-hearted. The Germans do not say Fore-World but Vorwelt.

NOTE 39. The force of "costly" here seems to lie in the price that is paid in effort to get back to the simple, and also perhaps in the distaste we may acquire for newer literature.

NOTE 40. See Whistler's *Ten O'clock,* also Kipling's *The Conundrum of the Workshops.*

NOTE 41. A famous Greek archer in the Trojan war. He was friend and armor-bearer to Hercules. Hero of a play by Sophocles.

NOTE 42. Dr. Richard Moulton puts the distinction between the Greek-classic and English-romantic as being the effort to keep as much as possible out (the classic) and to get as much as possible in (the romantic).

NOTE 43. This judgment has been abundantly justified by recent criticism and discoveries in archæology. Classic and romantic are descriptions of stages and attitudes of all art rather than of fixed times or localities.

NOTE 44. See Shakespeare's *Macbeth,* I, iii.

NOTE 45. Menu or Manu. In Sanskrit "man," one of a class of demiurgic beings, each of whom presides over a Manvantara, or period of Manu.

NOTE 46. Simeon, *d.* 459, a Syrian ascetic who spent the

last thirty years of his life on a pillar near Antioch. The Thebais, a Greek epic of the Theban cycle and of unknown authorship; the theme, a mythical war between Argos and Thebes. Capuchins, a mendicant order of Franciscan monks, founded in Italy in 1528 by Matteo di Bassi, and named from the long capouch, or cowl, which they wore. They were to live by begging, were not to use gold or silver or silk in decoration of their altars, and the chalices were to be of pewter.

NOTE 47. A member of the learned and priestly caste in Persia. Brahmin, member of the highest or priestly caste of India. Druid, a priest of the ancient Celts. Inca, a chief or lord in ancient Peru.

NOTE 48. Son of Poseidon and Libya, a deity of several primitive nations.

NOTE 49. Champollion, Jean François, 1790–1832, a celebrated French archæologist, Orientalist, and explorer. He discovered the key to the Egyptian hieroglyphic inscriptions.

NOTE 50. An Indian town in Mexico. The tall mound was probably an ancient settlement on a base of sun-dried bricks, with a second platform of less extent and greater elevation, and a central mound the average elevation of which is now one hundred and seventy feet.

NOTE 51. A tragedy of Æschylus. Emerson means that the form of the work of art adds beauty to a process which is usually considered destructive and hideous.

NOTE 52. Orpheus was the son of Apollo or a Thracian river-god. He could charm all animate and inanimate things with his music. "Riddle" is here used as a synonym for meaning. Cf. "Come riddle me my riddle."

NOTE 53. See Plato's *Phædrus*, the myth of the charioteer and the vision of truth. The entire paragraph is very Platonic. See *Intellect, Essays*, "First Series," Cent. Ed., pp. 335–7.

NOTE 54. Cf. James Russell Lowell's *Extreme Unction*.

NOTE 55. The third act of the Second Part of Goethe's *Faust* is known in Germany as "the Helena." It is an independent poem dealing with Helen of Troy interpolated by Goethe very loosely into the drama of *Faust*.

NOTE 56. Chiron was a centaur, son of Kronos and Philyra.

NOTE 57. Imaginary creatures, part lion, part eagle.

NOTE 58. Three daughters of Darkness (Phorkys) and the Abyss (Keto). One of the forms in which Mephistopheles appears in the Second Part of *Faust*.

NOTE 59. The wife of Tyndareus, and mother of Helen, Clytemnestra, Castor and Pollux.

NOTE 60. The relation of modern science to obscure and occult practices of an earlier age was doubtless in Emerson's mind. Astronomy is astrology transformed, chemistry owes much to alchemy, and botany to the herbalist. One aspect of this relation is well set forth in Kipling's *Puck of Pook's Hill*, in the story entitled "The Joyous Venture."

NOTE 61. *Perceforest*, a mediæval French romance, the scene in Britain before the time of Arthur. *Amadis de Gaul*, a romance of the fourteenth century by Vasco de Lobeira of Portugal.

NOTE 62. See ballad in *Percy's Reliques;* or in Sargent and Kittredge, *English and Scottish Popular Ballads.*

NOTE 63. That is, he is the heir of all the ages.

NOTE 64. This passage is part of a lecture on "The Doctrine of the Hands," given in the course on *Human Culture* in 1837–38. This is the relativity of things so ever present in Emerson's thought.

NOTE 65. Shakespeare, *Henry VI*, Pt. I, II, iii.

NOTE 66. Laplace, Pierre Simon, Marquis de, 1749–1827, celebrated French astronomer and mathematician.

NOTE 67. The use of "prophesied" here is very characteristic of Emerson's diction and his habit of thought. The word suggests more than he needs to say, but it gives dignity and scope and a certain liberality of attitude to the reader's mind. The ordinary term would be "implied" or "called for" or even "necessitated."

NOTE 68. Davy, Sir Humphry, 1778–1829, celebrated English chemist, inventor of the safety lamp.

NOTE 69. Gay-Lussac, Joseph Louis (1778–1850), French chemist and physicist, made the first balloon ascension for scientific purposes in 1804.

NOTE 70. Handel, George Frederick, 1685–1759, a celebrated German composer of music. He is best known for his oratorios, among them "The Messiah."

NOTE 71. There are two Whittemores, one Thomas (1800–1861), a Universalist preacher and ethical writer of Boston, Mass., compiler of *Songs of Zion.* In his youth he was "mechanic." The other, Amos, 1759–1826, an inventor who contrived a machine for puncturing the leather and setting the wire for cotton and wool cards. The efficient means out of one of his difficulties in this invention was revealed to him in a dream. In either case this name is an instance of the determined impartiality of Emerson's mind. The rating of Whittemore with Watt, Fulton, and Arkwright is little short of absurd, judged in the light of their subsequent reputations, but taking the chance doubtless seemed a duty of the hour to Emerson.

NOTE 72. This seems perhaps a concession to persons who have poor memories and cannot pass examinations, but Emerson's alternative is so much more difficult that the conventional demands seem easy in comparison. Cf. *The American Scholar* I and II, part of which is: "Meek young men grow up in libraries, believing it their duty to accept the views which Cicero, which Locke, which Bacon have given; forgetful that Cicero, Locke, and Bacon were only young men in libraries when they wrote those books."

NOTE 73. Cf. Robert Browning's *Popularity*, part of which is, —

"And there's the extract, flasked and fine,
And priced and salable at last!
And Hobbs, Nobbs, Stokes, and Nokes combine
To paint the future from the past,
Put blue into their line.

"Hobbs hints blue, — straight he turtle eats:
Nobbs prints blue, — claret crowns his cup:
Nokes outdares Stokes in azure feats, —
Both gorge. Who fished the murex up?
What porridge had John Keats?"

NOTE 74. An aboriginal inhabitant of the Hawaiian Islands.

NOTE 75. See "Limits" in *Poems;* also *Nature:* "To speak truly, few adult persons can see nature. Most persons do not see the sun. . . . In the woods, too, a man casts off his years, as the snake his slough, and at what period soever of his life is always a child. In the woods is perpetual youth." Also *Discipline:* "The moral influence of nature upon every individual is that amount of truth which it illustrates to him. Who can estimate this? Who can guess how much firmness the sea-beaten rock has taught the fisherman? how much tranquillity has been reflected to man from the azure sky, over whose unspotted deeps the winds forevermore drive flocks of stormy clouds, and leave no wrinkle or stain? how much industry and providence and affection we have caught from the pantomime of brutes? What a searching preacher of self-command is the varying phenomenon of Health?" Also the motto for *Nature:* —

"A subtle chain of countless rings
The next unto the farthest brings!
The eye reads omens where it goes,
And speaks all languages the rose,
And, striving to be man, the worm
Mounts through all the spires of form."

POLITICS

The account in the Centenary Edition gives these facts about the essay in the form in which it was published: —

"This essay was based on a lecture in the Boston course of 1839–40 on 'The Present Age.' The lecture on 'Politics' followed 'Literature' and preceded 'Reforms' and 'Religion.' Much new matter was added in the essay. Some passages that were omitted it seemed well to give in these notes. In this essay one sees Emerson fearlessly apply his doctrine of the Universal Mind, or the *common* sense of man, to politics, and find therein good hope for democracy. And his faith in evolution encourages a fearless optimism when at last in the nineteenth Christian century he has found one man — it does not appear whether himself or another — 'to whom no weight of adverse experience

will make it for a moment impossible that thousands of human beings might exercise towards each other the grandest and simplest sentiments, as well as a knot of friends, or a pair of lovers.'"

NOTE 1. Merlin or Myrddhin was a half-legendary bard of the sixth century. No authentic work of his remains. As a legendary figure he plays a part in Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, and in Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*. The Early English Text Society has published for the first time the Early English prose romance of Merlin, 1450–60, from the French original attributed to Robert de Borron. Borron's original was Geoffrey of Monmouth's *Vita Merlini* (1139), translated into French by Wace. The student should not be content with any characterization of Merlin that ignores this material.

NOTE 2. Pisistratus, 605–527 B. C., a tyrant of Athens, friend of Solon.

NOTE 3. Cromwell, 1599–1658, Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Carlyle's lecture on "The Hero As King," in which he gave a place to Cromwell, had been delivered in 1840. Compare with the classification given in the *Phædrus* of Plato, where the tyrant and the good king are opposed as examples of more or less disciplined and cultured wills, according to the share they had won of truth as opposed to mere will or passion. Jowett, Tr., p. 248.

NOTE 4. A proverbial expression for profitless labor. Ocnus twisted a rope, an ass ate it. Proverbially also a feeble union or tie.

NOTE 5. "Perishes in the twisting" is a variant of perishes in the using, to express an even briefer span of life.

NOTE 6. The more usual expression would be "greater" or "more of."

NOTE 7. "And" commonly connects similar types of speech. The use of brute as an adjective is archaic and gives dignity and force to the expression.

NOTE 8. A Syrian, father-in-law of Jacob. See Genesis xxx, 5.

NOTE 9. See *The Fortune of the Republic:* "The class of which I speak make themselves merry without duties. They sit in decorated club-houses in the cities, and burn tobacco and play whist; in the country they sit idle in stores and bar-rooms, and burn tobacco, and gossip and sleep." In nobler form the ideal objections were put in the form of experiments like those at Florence, Fruitlands, and Brook Farm. The purpose of the experiment may be said to be the higher life by way of agriculture, self-culture, and communism. Emerson considered its claims as presented to him by ardent advocates and decided against joining them. In different places he has expressed himself to the effect that he must "submit to the degradation of owning bank-stock and seeing poor men suffer," and that he did not "wish to remove from (his) my present prison to a prison a little larger." "I wish to break all prisons." "At the name of a society, all my quills rise and sharpen." "Diet, medicine, traffic,

books, social intercourse, and all the rest of our practices and usages are equally divorced from ideas, are empirical and false. I should like to put all my practices back on their first thoughts, and do nothing for which I now ask the whole world for my reason. If there are inconveniences and what is called ruin in the way, because we have so enervated and maimed ourselves, yet it would be like dying of perfumes to sink in the effort to reattach the deeds of every day to the holy and mysterious recesses of life." *Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson*, J. E. Cabot, ii, 437.

NOTE 10. The Century Dictionary gives two instances of the use of this word by Milton. See *The Fortune of the Republic:* "Our people are too slight and vain. . . . We import trifles, dancers, singers, laces, books of patterns, modes, gloves and cologne, manuals of Gothic architecture, steam-made ornaments."

NOTE 11. This is a variation in English of the Latin *res nolunt diu male administrari*, with its legal associations.

NOTE 12. This paragraph from the lecture was omitted here: "The philosopher, who is never to stop at the outside or appearance of things, will find more to justify his faith in the harmony of politics with the constitution of man, than the mere statute-book can furnish him. There is more history to a nation than can be gathered from its code. Its code is only the high-water mark showing how high the last tide rose, but at this moment perhaps the waters rise higher still, only they have not yet notched their place by a line of pebbles, shells, and seaweed. Observe that the law is always the last and never the first step. One person, a few persons, an increasing minority do the thing; defend it; irresistibly urge it; until finally, against all reluctance, roaring opposition, it becomes the law of the land. The thing goes before, — the form comes after. The elements of power, namely, persons and property, must and will have their just sway." *C. E.*

NOTE 13. See *The American Scholar:* "The world of any moment is the merest appearance. Some great decorum, some fetish of a government, some ephemeral trade, or war, or man, is cried up by half mankind and cried down by the other half, as if all depended on this particular up or down. . . . Let him not quit his belief that a popgun is a popgun, though the ancient and honorable of the earth affirm it to be the crack of doom. . . . Success treads on every right step. For the instinct is sure that prompts him to tell his brother what he thinks. . . . He learns that he who has mastered any law in his private thoughts, is master to that extent of all men whose language he speaks, and of all into whose language his own can be translated." This is the aspect of self-reliance to which Emerson most often recurs, but it is presented under a different guise — that of group efficiency."

NOTE 14. The original lecture had from this point the material supplied by the Centenary Edition, as follows: —

"It seems to follow from these doctrines that nothing is less important than the laws or forms of government. Power belongs to persons and to property. Property is merely the obedience of nature to human labor and follows of course the moral quality of the persons who create and hold it. With the progress of any society, with the cultivation of individuals, the existing forms become every day of less consequence. Every addition of good sense that a citizen acquires destroys so much of his opposition to the laws of nature and the well-being of society, and of course brings the power of his property on the side of justice. Knowledge transfers the censorship from the State House to the reason of every citizen, and compels every man to mount guard over himself, and puts shame and remorse for sergeants and maces. And we find in all times and countries every great man does, in all his nature, point at and imply the existence and well-being of all the orders and institutions of a state. He is full of reverence. He is by inclination (how far soever in position) the defender of the grammar-school, the almshouse, the holy day, the church, the priest, the judge, the legislator, the executive arm. Throughout his being is he loyal, even when by circumstance arrayed in opposition to the actual order of things. Such was Socrates, St. Paul, Luther, Milton, Burke.

"The education of every man is bringing him ever to postpone his private to the universal good, to comport himself, that is, in his proper person, as a state, and of course whilst the whole community around him are doing the like, the persons who hold public offices become mere clerks of business, in no sense the sovereigns of the people.

"It were very much to be wished that these laws drawn from the nature of things could become a part of the popular philosophy, that at least all endeavors for the reform of education or the reform of political opinion might be made where only they can have any avail, in the speculative views of the individual, for it was justly said by Bacon that the speculative opinions of men in general between the age of thirty and forty were the only sure source of political prophecy. The philosophy of property, if explored in its foundations, would open new mines of practical wisdom, which would in the event change the face of the world; would destroy the whole magazine of dissimulation, for so many ages reckoned the capital art of Government. It would purge that rottenness which has defamed the whole Science until *politic* has come to mean cunning; would show the pretenders in that science that they were their own dupes; would show that the cunningest man cannot cheat nature or do any wrong without suffering the same. It would go deep into ethics and touch all the relations of man. It would teach the subtle and inextricable compensation that attaches to property. Everything God hath made hath two faces. Every cent in a dollar covers its worth, and also covers its evil. The man who

covets the wealth of London should know that whilst each pound and penny represents so much commodity, so much corn and wine and cloth, of necessity it also represents so much mould or sourness and moth as belongs to these commodities: if so much property, then so much risk; if so much power, then so much danger; if so much revenue, then so much tax. When his honest labor and enterprise attract to him a great estate, then his exertions stand over against his gains to make him whole. But could his wish without his honest labor transfer out of another's vaults a million pounds sterling into his own chest, so would also, against his wish, just so massive an ill will and fear concentrate its black rays on him in darkness that might be felt. All property must and will pay its tax. If it come not by fair means, then it comes by foul. The wise man who sees the unerring compensations which worked themselves out in the world, will pay the state its full dividend on his estate, if not for love of right, then for fear of harm.

"And as in respect to property, so also in respect to persons it takes an ounce to balance an ounce; the fair house of Seem is never an equivalent for the house of Be. Nor can the loudest Pretension supply the place of the smallest piece of Performance. A just view of human nature would convince men of that truth (how hard to learn) that it is the man makes the place. Alfred, Washington, Lafayette, appear half divine to the people followed in their office by a nation's eye. Ambitious but pitiful persons see them and think it is the place alone that makes them great, and that if they sat in the same chairs they would be as much admired. All means are used to this end; all sorts of shame accumulated; and by and by perhaps they sit in the high seat only to make subtleness and pitifulness quite bare to the view of all men.

"In our own times, without satire, this mistake is so common that all society and government seems to be making believe, when we see such ignorant persons with a grave countenance taking their places as legislators and statesmen. This could not be, but that at intervals throughout society there are real men intermixed, whose natural basis is broad enough to sustain the paper men in common times, as the carpenter puts one iron rod in his banister to five or six wooden ones. But inexorable time, which brings opportunity once to every man, brings also to every man the hour of trial to prove him whether he is genuine, or whether he is counterfeit.

"The last ages have been characterized in history by the immense creation of property. The population of the globe, by the nations of western Europe in whom the superiority of intellect and organization seems to reside, has set at work so many skilful hands that great wealth is added. Now no dollar of property is created without some direct communication with nature, and of course some acquisition of knowledge and practical power. The creation of all this property, and that by mil-

lions, not by a few, involves necessarily so much education of the minds of the proprietors. With power always comes the consciousness of power, and therefore indomitable millions have demanded forms of government more suited to the facts. Throughout Europe, throughout America, the struggle exists between those who claim new forms at all hazards, and those who prefer the old forms to the hazard of change. Of course on the whole is a steady progress of innovation. In London, they write on the fences, 'Of what use are the Lords?' In Spain and in Portugal, the liberal monarchists can scarce hold out against the mob. The South American States are too unsettled than that an ordinary memory can keep the run of the powers that be.

"The era seems marked in many countries by the separation of real power from its forms, and the continual interference of the popular opinion between the executive and its will. A levity before unknown follows. The word 'Revolution' is stripped of its terrors, and they may have many in a year. They say in Paris, There will be no revolution to-day, for it rains.

"The struggle is envenomed by the great admixture of ignorance and selfishness on both sides which always depraves human affairs, and also prevents the war from being one purely of ideas. The innovators are led not by the best, but by the boldest, and often by the worst, who drive their private trade on, take advantage of the march of the principle. The conservatives make up for weakness by wiles and oppose indiscriminately the good and evil measures of their antagonists. Meantime Party, that bellowing hound that barks or fawns, that defamer and bargainer and unreasoning self-lover, distorts all facts and blinds all eyes. Party counts popularity success. Its whole aim ever is *to get the hurrah on our side.* It infects from the bar-room and ward-caucus up, all the veins of the state, stealing even into literature and religion; and in our age every Party has written history for itself as Gibbon, Lingard, Brodie, Hume, Hallam, Mitford.

"Meantime if we rise above the hubbub of parties, and the uncovered selfishness of many of the actors, we shall see that humanity is always the gainer, that the production of property has been the education of the producers, that the creation of so many new households and so many forcible and propertied citizens, has been the creation of lovers of order, knowledge and peace, and hating war. Trade and war are always antagonists. The progress of trade has been the death of war, universally. In these days nations have stretched out the hand to each other. In our times, it is said for the first time, has the word 'International' been compounded. Some progress has been made by national compact in hindering offences against all the world, as piracy and kidnapping. Mediation is made to supersede armies and navies. The projects with which

the minds of philanthropists teem, are themselves a sure mark of progress. The black colony at Liberia, the proposition of the congress of nations to arbitrate controversies arising between two states, and so to prevent war or at least aid the right cause by the moral force of a decision, these are projects the bare starting of which in any practicable shape, proves civilization and Christianity. The mutual helpfulness of nations and the sympathy of all in the projects of each and the continual approximation by means of mechanical improvements seem to point at stricter union and simpler legislation, at a legislation more purely official, such as shall not hold out such bribes to vanity and avarice.

"The philosopher must console himself amidst the harsh discord of what is called politics by the reflection that its errors, like the errors of the planets, are periodic; that a firm bound is set by counterchecks in man to every excess, that the discipline which the events of every day administer to every man, tend always to make him a better citizen, and to make him independent of the mutations of parties and states."

A comparison of these two endings is important as showing the different tone of Emerson's spoken and printed estimate of institutions. The mood of the second is much more confident and is certainly spiritually optimistic. In the first the doubt is at least suggested that law is the creature of a force, as malevolent as controlling. In short the first has the emphasis of a half-truth put as if it were a truth and a half. In the delivery it was doubtless ameliorated and chastened by Emerson's personality and the beneficence of his bearing.

NOTE 15. On the occasion of the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law, Emerson said in a wonderful address, part of which is here cited from the Centenary Edition: —

"The last year has forced us all into politics. There is infamy in the air. I wake in the morning with a painful sensation which I carry about all day, and which, when traced home, is the odious remembrance of that ignominy which has fallen on Massachusetts. I have lived all my life in this State and never had any experience of personal inconvenience from the laws until now. They never came near me to my discomfort before. *But the Act of Congress of September 18th, 1850, is a law which every one of you will break on the earliest occasion, — a law which no man can obey, or abet the obeying, without loss of self-respect and forfeiture of the name of a gentleman.*"

NOTE 16. See Burke's *Observations on a late Publication:* "Party divisions, whether on the whole operating for good or evil, are things inseparable from free government."

NOTE 17. This is unusually severe characterization. It must be taken rather as the expression of Emerson's attitude towards all radicalism as such, than as a condemnation of American radicalism in comparison with American excess of any other kind. It is the lack of love that Emerson deplores, and he forgets that he has not proved the facts on radicalism in America.

NOTE 18. A penal colony on an inlet of the eastern coast of New South Wales, Australia, five miles south of Sidney, sent out 1787–88 from England, but later transferred to Port Jackson.

NOTE 19. Fisher Ames, 1758–1808, Dedham, Mass., orator, statesman, and political philosopher. Federal member of Congress from Massachusetts, 1789–97. He declined the presidency of Harvard College.

NOTE 20. This is a beautiful expression of a very ugly fact, and one that Emerson particularly regretted when it came under his notice. Yet as an admirer of force and individuality, he always paid his tribute to efficient assertion of the moment's duty. He understood the honor there could be among thieves. Yet this is an overstatement. It is not really the want of liberty that strengthens law and decorum.

NOTE 21. A term said to be derived from Charles Lynch, 1736–1796, a Virginia planter, who with two neighbors undertook to secure order by punishing offenders with stripes or banishment without process of law.

NOTE 22. This is a brief review of the theories of government presented in Aristotle's treatises, Plato's characterization, and based on an ideal principle thoroughly Platonic in its interpretation of the course of political experiment. See Welldon's *Politics of Aristotle* and Jowett's *Plato's Republic*.

NOTE 23. At this passage the Centenary Edition supplies the following: —

"Mr. Cabot, in the Appendix F to his Memoir, giving an account of the lecture 'Politics,' printed the following passage as omitted in the essay. I cannot find it in the manuscript, and suppose it may have dropped out: —

"'The State and Church guard their purlieus with jealous decorum. I sometimes wonder where their books find readers among mere mortals, who must sometimes laugh, and are liable to the infirmity of sleep. Yet politics rest on real foundations and cannot be treated with levity. But the foundation is not numbers or force, but character. Men do not see that all force comes from this, and that the disuse of force is the education of men to do without it. Character is the true theocracy. It will one day suffice for the government of the world. Absolutely speaking, I can only work for myself. The fight of Leonidas, the hemlock of Socrates, the cross of Christ, is not personal sacrifice for others, but fulfils a high necessity of his proper character : the benefit to others is merely contingent.'"

NOTE 24. Compare with the analysis of the relation between liberty and taxing given by Burke in the *Speech on Conciliation with America*: "Abstract liberty, like other mere abstractions, is not to be found. Liberty inheres in some sensible object, and every nation has formed to itself some favorite point, which by way of eminence becomes the criterion of their happiness. It happened, you know, Sir, that the great contests for freedom in this country were from the earliest times chiefly upon the question of taxing."

NOTE 25. This is intended to supply an emphasis for the two sentences of conclusion rather than to delay thought upon itself. Emerson thinks of the beatitude of men when relations are angelic, memory myrrh, and presence frankincense and flowers; he does not literally prescribe personal isolation as a means to the end. At most he suggests the limited nature of personal relations. But the saying sounds stern and cold — to the unreflecting — cool possibly to the most reflective.

NOTE 26. Malthus, Thomas Robert, 1766–1834, an English political economist, known for his *Principle of Population*, 1798, which he states to be that population increases in a geometrical ratio, means of subsistence in an arithmetical ratio, and that vice and crime are necessary checks of this increase in numbers.

NOTE 27. Ricardo, David, 1772–1823, an English Jew celebrated for his original and influential treatment of economic problems. One of his books is *Political Economy and Taxation.*

NOTE 28. A valuable publication originated by Robert Dudley at the suggestion of Burke, who was for some years editor and principal contributor. The years from 1758 to 1790 cover the first series. It is still proceeding.

NOTE 29. Brockhaus's *Conversations-Lexikon*, a German Encyclopædia, extensive in range and precise in information.

NOTE 30. See "Fragments on the Poet" in *Poems.*

NOTE 31. A reminiscence of Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus* and its clothes vocabulary.

NOTE 32. See Genesis iii, 7. Professor Woodberry, in *Ralph Waldo Emerson*, p. 186, says: "The secret of his style is in diction. It may be described as seventeenth-century diction." The secret of this passage is adequately revealed by this characterization.

NOTE 33. The ordinary word here would be "consciousness;" greater force and the entire charm of the passage is gained from Emerson's variation.

NOTE 34. Compare this phrase, its meaning and associations, with the "perfect moment" of Walter Pater. The perfect moment is one of the experiences of Marius the Epicurean in Pater's study of that name. The renunciation, the restraint implied in it, are well fitted to bring out the full flavor of the suspicion Emerson expresses about "the splendid."

NOTE 35. "Not all there" is the homely phrase by which New Englanders describe the mentally deficient. The suggestion adds point to the awkwardness of ability in conventional society.

NOTE 36. This is a brilliantly suggestive characterization, but its meaning is elusive. What class of forest animals has nothing but a prehensile tail? Is it apes or snakes, or may he invent an imaginary creature to meet our needs?

NOTE 37. This is a curious phrase. The meaning seems to be "as far as code is concerned" or in the colloquial phrase "for all the code," *i. e.* "in spite of" or "without."

NOTE 38. This would seem more precisely expressed by "useless," but the use of "hopeless" makes the sentence dramatic within its own structure — competition is presented as without hope.

NOTE 39. An old-fashioned structure of the phrase.

NOTE 40. The earlier form of this substituted "fate" for "faith." *C. E.*

NOTE 41. This expresses Emerson's characteristic opposition to the classic conception of form and limit as imposed by the nature of things. In the *Laws* Plato sets forth the precise limits of the successful city state (*Laws*, Bk. V, 738. Jowett, Tr.). Few critics of institutions are free from the dread that they may be "too large." Perhaps still fewer can really subscribe to the truth of Emerson's closing sentence. How many dare act on it? Yet even Emerson did not always strike this note. In *Nominalist and Realist* he says in a quite different connection: "Though the uninspired man certainly finds persons a conveniency in household matters, the divine man does not respect them: he sees them as a rack of clouds, or a fleet of ripples which the wind drives over the surface of the water. But this is flat rebellion. Nature will not be Buddhist: she resents generalizing, and insults the philosopher in every moment with a million of fresh particulars." The view of property formally presented by Emerson in this essay may be well compared with a few sentences from Shaler's "The Individual" (Appleton), p. 135 *et seq.* "The possession and the sense of property, both essentially features of human society, have in certain ways been very effective in promoting the development of sympathy, though, like war, it has had at the same time a limiting effect on the range of the emotion. The first effect of the property sense is, of course, hedonistic, purely selfish; but more than any other influence, it has in a secondary way served to create a sense of the rights of others, to make men put themselves in the place of the neighbor. The very cornerstone of human society is an understanding of the fellow creature. It is clear that this sense has come forth from the earliest of them, *i. e.* the right of each man to his own possessions. In such ways as these the conception of the kindred man, as like one's self, has been greatly fostered by the development of social institutions." Far more congenial to this view of property and its influence are the positions held and set forth in Emerson's sympathetic essay on *Wealth* in *Conduct of Life*. In the motto to this essay: —

> "But, though light-headed man forget,
> Remembering Matter pays her debt:
> Still, through her motes and masses, draw
> Electric thrills and ties of Law,
> Which bind the strengths of Nature wild
> To the conscience of a child."

Finally in *An Imperial Rescript* by Kipling appears another version of the matter, in part: —

"And over the German benches the bearded whisper ran: —
Lager, der girls and der dollars, dey makes or dey breaks a man.
If Schmitt haf collared der dollars, he collars der girls dere mit;
But if Schmitt bust in der pizness, we collars der girl from Schmitt."

BEHAVIOR

This essay is from a course of lectures on *The Conduct of Life* read to audiences in 1851, some time after Mr. Emerson's return from a stay of nine months in England. The publication of the book called out varied and somewhat contradictory opinions. The introduction to the volume in the Centenary Edition gives a full and valuable account of the important circumstances attending the course of lectures as well as the publication of the book. Two other volumes of Emerson's essays are closely related to this essay, *Representative Men* and *English Traits*. The essays *Behavior* and *Manners* are links in the chain from causes to events that reaches from the soul to men and their doings.

The motto well expresses in the closing couplet Emerson's attitude toward the conventional claims of behavior.

"The much deceived Endymion
Slips behind a tomb."

His explanation of the enduring deception is to be found in the suggestions of a note in the Centenary Edition: —

"How near to what is good is what is fair!
Which we no sooner see,
But with the lines and outward air
Our senses taken be."

"These lines of Jonson express the charm which the graces had for the solitary New England scholar who believed himself sadly deficient in them. He used these verses as the motto to what a writer in a recent journal has called "his fine essay on Manners, which was the first study for his finer essay on Behavior." The allusion, in the last lines of the motto of this essay, to Endymion, whom sleeping the moon stooped to kiss, leaving the influence of that benediction while life lasted, is a statement of the author's own case. It recalls the opening verses of the 'Ode to Beauty,' written perhaps ten years earlier."

Note 1. George Sand's novel *Consuelo* was one of the few novels read and valued by Mr. Emerson, who alludes to it in the essay on "Books," in *Society and Solitude*, and in *Representative Men*. *C. E.*

Note 2. Talma, François Joseph, and Madame Vanhove, a French tragic actor and a French actress, his wife. The hus-

band introduced upon the stage the custom of wearing the costume of the period represented, was a critic of art, and friend of Napoleon.

NOTE 3. Talma's work did not prevent Emerson from seeing the real man under "the arts." In *Napoleon, or the Man of the World* in *Representative Men*, he says: "Napoleon is thoroughly modern, and at the highest point of his fortunes has the very spirit of the newspapers. . . . In short, when you have penetrated through all the circles of power and splendor, you were not dealing with a gentleman, at last, but with an impostor and a rogue; and he fully deserves the epithet of Jupiter Scapin, or a sort of Scamp Jupiter. . . . So this exorbitant egotist narrowed, impoverished, and absorbed the power and existence of those who served him; and the universal cry of France and of Europe in 1814 was, Enough of him; 'Assez de Bonaparte!'"

NOTE 4. See Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*, III, i.

NOTE 5. An example of the free way in which Emerson uses structure to suit his eyes rather than the gerund-grinders.

NOTE 6.

> I care not how you are dressed,
> In coarsest weeds or in the best;
> . . . . . .
> But whether you charm me,
> Bid my bread feed and my fire warm me.
>
> "Destiny," *Poems*.

NOTE 7. Asmodeus, a demon mentioned in the Book of Tobit in the Apocrypha, and in the Talmud. The keeping him out of mischief by setting him to spin sand into ropes is alluded to in several places in Mr. Emerson's work, as in *Politics* and *Resources*. In a fragment of verse he likens his own task of weaving his thoughts into a coherent tissue for an essay to that of this spirit. *C. E.*

NOTE 8. This is a vigorous provincialism of the kind Emerson delighted in.

NOTE 9. A famous school or university in Rome established by Hadrian. Also a club in London established 1824. Finally a local library of Boston.

NOTE 10. Titian, 1477–1576, a famous Venetian painter. He was portrait painter to the Doges.

NOTE 11. Claverhouse, John Graham, Viscount Dundee, *c.* 1649–1689, a Scottish soldier employed to put down the Covenanters, fell in the victorious battle of Killiecrankie against William III. The word "fop" has only relative significance as applied to him in this passage. He was a fierce soldier, but a precisian in forms, military and others.

NOTE 12. The Centenary Edition notes that the passage is thought to allude to John Quincy Adams.

NOTE 13. The Emir Abd-el-Kader, whose energy and courage made him for sixteen years a terror to the French army

in Algiers, was finally captured in 1847. He became the friend of General Daumas, who edited an exceedingly interesting book entitled *Les Chevaux du Sahara*, in which he recorded what the Emir told him of the Arab horse, the tradition of his origin, the texts from the Koran concerning him, his breeding, treatment, and performance, and also of the customs and modes of thought and action of the Arabs of the Desert. Mr. Emerson took great pleasure in this book. *C. E.*

NOTE 14. See "The Initial, the Dæmonic and the Celestial Love." In the Old English epic of Beowulf there is mention of a woman who would let no man look into her eyes except her husband. The English sonnets of the Elizabethan period speak of lovers looking babies in each other's eyes. See Robert Browning's *Cristina:* —

> "She never should have looked at me
> If she meant I should not love her!
> There are plenty . . . men, you call such,
> I suppose . . . she may discover
> All her soul to, if she pleases,
> And yet leave much as she found them:
> But I'm not so, and she knew it
> When she fixed me, glancing round them," *et seq.*

NOTE 15. Cf. J. R. Lowell's *Studies for Two Heads*, part of which is: —

> "Her eye, — it seems a chemic test
> And drops upon you like an acid;
> It bites you with unconscious zest,
> So clear and bright, so coldly placid;
> It holds you quietly aloof,
> It holds, — and yet it does not win you;
> It merely puts you to the proof
> And sorts what qualities are in you;
> It smiles, but never brings you nearer,
> It lights, — her nature draws not nigh;
> 'T is but that yours is growing clearer
> To her assays; — yes, try and try,
> You 'll get no deeper than her eye."

NOTE 16. The book of Winckelmann on Greek Art was often referred to by Mr. Emerson. Johann Caspar Lavater, the Swiss mystic, wrote a remarkable work on physiognomy in men and animals, in which he pushed his theories to a ludicrous extreme. His *Physiognomische Fragmente zur Beförderung der Menschenkenntniss und Menschenliebe* was published in 1775–78. *C. E.*

NOTE 17. Louis de Rouvroi, Duke of Saint-Simon, 1675–1755, a writer of interesting *Mémoires*, which because of their bold and satirical character did not obtain full publication until 1829. Jean François Paul de Gondi, Cardinal de Retz, 1614–79, a man of loose morals but much ability, became Cardinal, and Archbishop of Paris. He had many vicissitudes of fortune, being an opponent of Richelieu and Mazarin, and had to take

refuge in Spain for some years. His *Mémoires* cover an interesting period. Pierre Louis, Count Roederer, 1754–1835, a man of letters who was a statesman of remarkable intelligence and address, which saved him, although of the moderate party, in the French Revolution, throughout which he was very active. Under Napoleon he occupied places of importance, but after the return of the Bourbons he devoted himself to literature. Among his writings are the *Chronique de Cinquante Jours* and *Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire de la Société polie en France*. *C. E.*

Note 18. Henry Richard Vassall Fox, third Baron Holland, 1773–1840, an English politician, nephew of Charles James Fox.

Note 19. The title of a powerful novel by Victor Hugo which appeared in 1831.

Note 20. Northcote, Sir Stafford Henry, 1818–1887, an English conservative statesman.

Note 21. Fuseli was banished from Switzerland for some political indiscretion. His drawing was praised by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and in time he became professor of painting in the Academy. He wrote a *Life* of Reynolds. James Northcote, a pupil of Reynolds, became a portrait painter. His disposition and manners made him unpopular. *C. E.*

Note 22. A man of a low caste performing the lowest menial services, literally "a drummer," the Pariahs being the hereditary drum-beaters. An outcast, a vagabond. De Quincey in *Autobiographic Sketches* has a remarkable treatment and analysis of the underlying idea. Kipling's *Without Benefit of Clergy* is a contribution of astounding pathos to the literature of the subject.

Note 23. Quoted from *Pericles and Aspasia* by Walter Savage Landor. For further characterization of the author see essay on Walter Savage Landor in the volume *Natural History of Intellect and Other Papers*.

Note 24. An illustration of this generalization is found in *Napoleon, the Man of the World:* "Bonaparte was singularly destitute of generous sentiments. The highest-placed individual in the most cultivated age and population of the world, — he has not the mind of common truth and honesty. . . . He is a boundless liar. . . . His manners were coarse. He treated women with low familiarity. He had the habit of pulling their ears and pinching their cheeks, when he was in good humor, and of pulling the ears and whiskers of men, and of striking and horseplay with them, to his last days. It does not appear that he listened at keyholes, or, at least, that he was caught at it."

Note 25. Cf. the incisive passage in Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus:* "Often in my atrabiliar moods when I read of pompous ceremonials, Frankfort Coronations, Royal Drawing-rooms, Levees, Couchees; and how the ushers and macers and pursuivants are all in waiting; how Duke this is presented by Archduke that, and Colonel A by General B, and innumerable Bishops,

Admirals, and miscellaneous Functionaries, are advancing gallantly to the Anointed Presence; and I strive in my remote privacy, to form a clear picture of that solemnity, — on a sudden, as by some enchanter's wand the — shall I speak it? — the clothes fly off the whole dramatic corps; and Dukes, Grandees, Bishops, Generals, Anointed Presence itself, every mother's son of them, stand straddling there, not a shirt on them; and I know not whether to laugh or weep. This physical or psychical infirmity, in which perhaps I am not singular, I have, after hesitation, thought right to publish for the solace of those afflicted with the like. . . . What would Majesty do, could such an accident befall in reality; should the buttons all simultaneously start, and the solid wool evaporate in very Deed, as here in Dream? *Ach Gott!* How each skulks into the nearest hiding-place; their high State Tragedy (Haupt und Staats-Action) becomes a Pickleherring-Farce to weep at, which is the worst kind of Farce; *the tables* (according to Horace), and with them, the whole fabric of Government, Legislation, Property, Police, and Civilized Society, *are dissolved*, in wails and howls.

"Lives the man that can figure a naked Duke of Windlestraw addressing a naked House of Lords?" *et seq.* After reading this one is impressed with the force of Emerson's "treat these reputations tenderly."

NOTE 26. The reference is thought to be applicable to Mary Moody Emerson.

NOTE 27. Journal, 1841. "Be calm, sit still in your chair, though the company be dull and unworthy. Are you not there? There then is the choir of your friends; for subtle *influences* are always arriving at you from them, and you represent them, do you not? to all who stand here.

"It is not a word that 'I am a gentleman, and the king is no more,' but is a fact expressed in every word between the king and a gentleman." *C. E.*

NOTE 28. This shows another of the harmful aspects of the compliancy so greatly disliked by Emerson. Woodberry says of him, p. 183: "In his personal nature there was a strain of haughtiness that belonged with the formality of his manners and his inherited pride, which underlay his independence and was in his blood; the superiority with which he looked upon both society and literature with confident criticism was allied to this."

NOTE 29. Junius Fromziskers, 1589–1677, a German student of Teutonic languages. Milton was indebted to him for part of his interest in Anglo-Saxon character and expression.

NOTE 30. See *History*, Note 49.

NOTE 31. Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi, the German philosopher and correspondent of Goethe.

NOTE 32. There is a similar plot admirably used by Prosper Mérimée, in his "Federigo" in *Dernières Nouvelles*.

NOTE 33. The description of Sir Philip Sidney bears out this experience of Emerson's.

NOTE 34. This was a favorite idea with Thomas Carlyle, expressed in the "rest of the spinning top." The phrase recurs in *Sartor Resartus*. The Centenary Edition notes that Emerson wrote also, Journal, 1850: "My prayer to women would be, when the bell rings, when visitors arrive, sit like statues."

NOTE 35. Compare the passage in "The Celestial Love" beginning, —

> For this is Love's nobility, —
> Not to scatter bread and gold. *C. E.*

NOTE 36. This is of paradox all compact and is characteristic of the haughty strain, mentioned by Woodberry, in Emerson's make up. In the temper of Carlyle's discovery of motives, one wonders what would be the effect of a meeting between two persons each trying to put the other "in a good light" and each conscious of the other's effort.

NOTE 37. "Hear what the morning says and believe that," was one of Mr. Emerson's finest utterances. There is a passage on morning influences in "Inspiration," in connection with Goethe's poem "Musagetes," in *Letters and Social Aims*. *C. E.*

NOTE 38. The close of this essay links it with the one on *Culture*, which precedes it in *Conduct of Life*, and which supplies a steady undercurrent of suggestion and reminiscence.

MANNERS

In the course of lectures, "The Philosophy of History," given by Mr. Emerson in 1836–37, was one called *Manners*. In 1841–42, he gave a course on "The Times," of which this essay was one. There was also a lecture, *Manners and Customs of New England*, in the five on New England, and the same theme is treated in *Behavior* in *Conduct of Life*. The first part of the motto is from Ben Jonson's Masque, *Love Freed from Ignorance and Folly;* the second from that of *Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue*.

NOTE 1. The use of "philosophical" here is intentionally and suggestively inaccurate. It illustrates again Emerson's sense of humor in connection with unpromising subjects. The primitive or the careless is hardly philosophical, but the results of the inconvenience may be borne in that temper.

NOTE 2. See *History*, Note 15.

NOTE 3. Borgu or Bussango, a kingdom in Sudan. It was in this country that Mungo Park met his death. See *Blackwood's Magazine*, 1899.

NOTE 4. Tibbus, Tibus or Tabus (rock people). A Nigritian people of Tibesti in the Sahara, reaching south into the Sudan. They traffic by caravan across the Sahara. Described by Nachtigal and Rohlfs.

NOTE 5. Borneo, a state of the Sudan. It was at the height of its power at the close of the 16th century. It has been described by Barth, Nachtigal, and later French and German explorers.

NOTE 6. This vigorous use of everyday English reminds the reader of Samuel Johnson and of Carlyle. This is more forceful English than the purist's advice.

NOTE 7. Emerson's translation by way of reference is characteristic of his self-reliance. The phrase of course means "as it should be." An example of Emerson's quick insight into verbal suggestion.

NOTE 8. "Gentilesse" means courtesy, delicacy; is obsolete, was used by Edmund Spenser and others.

NOTE 9. See "Fragments on The Poet" in *Poems*.

NOTE 10. This was a growing sentiment with the public of Emerson's time: Matthew Arnold gives somewhat satirical expression to it in making the aristocracy of England barbarians with physical prosperity for their chief interest.

NOTE 11. A road to the west from Niagara River where, in 1814, a battle was fought between the Americans and the British.

NOTE 12. Lord Falkland, Lucius Cary, 1610–43, an English politician and writer. He was member of Parliament and later Secretary of State.

NOTE 13. Two Persian monarchs of the name of Sapor, of the dynasty of the Sassanidæ, conquered the Roman emperors in battle in the third and fourth centuries A. D. *C. E.*

NOTE 14. Ruy Diaz de Bivar in the eleventh century, the *preux chevalier* of Spain, in the struggle against the Moors, was celebrated in ancient chronicles, romances, and ballads. Southey from these materials composed his noble *Chronicle of the Cid.* Mr. Emerson liked to read passages from this to his children. Many of the ballads about the Cid are translated by Lockhart in *Spanish Ballads. C. E.*

NOTE 15. Another example of the independence of the usual tyranny of time natural to Emerson. This he shared with certain poets and thinkers of mystic powers in all times.

NOTE 16. These are terms in fencing, but doubtless Emerson was willing that they should carry a double burden of suggestion.

NOTE 17. This is an unusual phrase in literature. It has its types in common speech, as "to bring clear or clean." In Shakespeare, *Measure for Measure*, I, 1, appears "that we may bring you something on your way."

NOTE 18. Emerson does not often repeat a word after so brief an interval.

The Centenary Edition notes that most of this paragraph is taken from a lecture on *Prudence* in the course on "Human Culture," 1838. The original text is as follows: —

"Thus we understand exceeding well in America the charm

of what is best in English manners, and, as we by age, cultivation, and leisure refine and ripen, come to set a high value on that species of breeding which foreigners, from a more sanguine temperament, and we too, from our democratic wantonness, usually blame in the English, — the mild, exact decorum, the cool recognition of all and any facts by a steadiness of temper which hates all starts, screams, faintings, sneezings, laughter, and all violence of any kind. The English, and we also, are a commercial people, great readers of newspapers and journals and books, and are therefore familiar with all the variety of tragic, comic, political tidings from all parts of the world, and are not to be thrown off their balance by any accident nearby, like villagers whom the overturn of a coach, or a robbery, or a dog with a kettle sets agape, and furnishes with gossip for a week."

NOTE 19. This is a careless construction and unusually awkward in Emerson's writing.

NOTE 20. A quarter of Paris, south of the Seine, celebrated as the headquarters of the royalists and long associated with wealth and fashion.

NOTE 21. The battle which completed Napoleon's conquest of northern Italy, July 14, 1800.

NOTE 22. The greatest naval victory of the British over Napoleon, Oct. 21, 1805. Nelson was first in command, Collingwood was second.

NOTE 23. The "only" here is out of place for the best effect of Emerson's sentence. The order should plainly be "only the day before yester that is city and court to-day."

NOTE 24. An example of the fine and delicate humor characteristic of Emerson.

NOTE 25. The reason for the use of this name as a place of banishment from society on account of offensive conduct is unknown. It was first used in military society to imply exclusion from the society of the mess.

NOTE 26. A rare word meaning an obsequious follower of fashion.

NOTE 27. The henchman of McIvor in Scott's *Waverley* thus expresses his wish that the young English officer could see the chief at the head of his clan. *C. E.*

NOTE 28. This is the favorite spiritual arithmetic of Emerson. The half-gods go and the great gods come. But little men have a great impatience and resent such teaching as cold comfort. It has its prototype, however, in the Calvinism that Emerson always admired whether he believed it or not. In the "application" of the sermon of Jonathan Edwards from Ezekiel XIX, 12, "Her strong rods were broken and withered," in *Selected Sermons of Jonathan Edwards*, edited by H. Norman Gardiner (Macmillan Company), the climax is: "But now this 'strong rod is broken and withered,' and surely the judgment of God therein is very awful, and the dispensation that

which may well be for a lamentation. Probably we shall be more sensible of the worth and importance of such a strong rod by the want of it."

NOTE 29. Son of Alcæus and husband of Alcmene. Used to typify a host. Jupiter personated him in order to marry Alcmene, but was interrupted at the feast by the real Amphitryon.

NOTE 30. A provincial construction very common in New England. It gives a homely and familiar air to the statement.

NOTE 31. This is in various forms frequently asserted by Emerson: it is partly prudence, partly courage, and wholly paradox.

NOTE 32. This is characteristic of Emerson's contempt for trifles in human intercourse.

NOTE 33. A paraphrase of a sentiment quite ultimate in Emerson's theory and practice. It can be traced through all his writing.

NOTE 34. In this way society is made a meeting of such philosophers as are described in Plato's *Phædrus*.

NOTE 35. That is the dry light — an expression of Heraclitus meaning that which is nearest purity and the source of pure being.

NOTE 36. This is characteristic of what was called the transcendentalism of the day. "Infinite means to secure finite ends."

NOTE 37. "Impertinent" is used in the etymological sense of the word.

NOTE 38. This entire passage should be compared with the analysis of society and social conditions presented in George Meredith's chapter on the "Comic Spirit" in *The Egoist* or in his *Essay on Comedy*.

NOTE 39. This word illustrates Emerson's usage in emphasizing an understatement, a rhetorical impossibility to most persons. The opposite direction of energy they cannot maintain, so they pile up big adjectives or tear down little ones. Emerson reverses the process.

NOTE 40. An example of this is to be found in the story of Mrs. Mulock Craik, *John Halifax, Gentleman*.

NOTE 41. An instance of Emerson's incisive satire. The episode of Circe and Ulysses and the latter's transformed companions is made to serve as characterization for the alleged lions of Fashion.

NOTE 42. The clergy as distinguished from the laity, a body of clerks, the *literati*. This is the sense here.

NOTE 43. This is a rhetorical device for emphasizing the fashionable exclusiveness he wishes to characterize.

NOTE 44. An example of very adroit balance of form and meaning in parallel phrases.

NOTE 45. Another view of this subject is presented in George Eliot's "Debasing the Moral Currency" in *Impressions*

of Theophrastus Such. See also *Social Aims:* "And beware of jokes; too much temperance cannot be used; inestimable for sauce, but corrupting for food, we go away hollow and ashamed."

NOTE 46. The Centenary Edition notes that the source of this epitaph is unknown. Doctor Emerson does not think his father composed it.

NOTE 47. Keats, *Hyperion.*

NOTE 48. "Ethnical" or "ethnic," pertaining to race. In *Social Aims* Emerson writes: "He whose word or deed you cannot predict, who answers you without any supplication in his eye, who draws his determination from within, and draws it instantly, — that man rules.

"The staple figure in novels is the man of *aplomb*, who sits among the young aspirants and desperates, quite sure and compact, and, never sharing their affections or debilities, hurls his word like a bullet when occasion requires, knows his way, and carries his points. They may scream or applaud, he is never engaged or heated. Napoleon is the type of this class in modern history; Byron's heros in poetry. But we for the most part are all drawn into the *charivari;* we chide, lament, cavil, and recriminate."

NOTE 49. This is essentially a Greek conception of the relation of life and art. It is Platonic in so far as it values art in life. The relation of this view of art to that known as art for art's sake is suggested.

NOTE 50. This use of the superlative is unexpected in the connection of Emerson's thought, and the choice of this particular adjective to describe the common estimate of feminine intuition illustrates the intellectual independence of the writer.

NOTE 51. See John ix, 6, 11, 15, 25.

NOTE 52. Hafiz, Shums-uddin Muhammad. An eminent Persian, died about 1388, one of the lyric poets of all time.

Firdusi, Abul Kasim Mansur, 940–1020, the great epic poet of Persia.

NOTE 53. The leading forms which characterize the Byzantine style are the round arch, the circle, the cross, and the dome supported on pendentives. The capitals of the pillars are of endless variety and full of invention. *Cent. Dict.*

NOTE 54. Part of the setting of the typical fairy story or didactic tale. Appears in our day as the title of a novel, *The Golden Book of Venice.*

NOTE 55. This use of "couple" is an example of easy, familiar colloquialism.

NOTE 56. The connection between royal blood and fire seems too remote for the clear expression of a truth until the reader reflects on the ultimate nature of each and its singular power of working after its kind. The touch of paradox adds to the force.

Note 57. The meaning here does not appear at once. The second clause is an understatement of the facts if literally taken. Briefly, it is vulgar to insist upon one's own advantage.

Note 58. The Centenary Edition points out the ideal character of the hero of this illustration. Osman is the ideal man of like conditions with Emerson.

Note 59. A vigorous alliterative expression in which banning means cursing.

Note 60. This fable was invented by Emerson. *C. E.*

FRIENDSHIP

The exhaustive and interesting introduction to this essay in the Centenary Edition contains the following account of the text: —

"This essay was not given as a lecture under this title and as a whole in any of the Boston courses, although very probably it served in that capacity in some of the Lyceums. As is shown in Mr. Cabot's Memoir (Appendix F), portions of it were taken from the lecture on 'Society,' in the course on 'The Philosophy of History' (1836–37), and others from 'The Heart' in the course on 'Human Culture,' given in Boston the following year. Several paragraphs come from 'Private Life,' in the course on 'The Present Age' (1839–40)."

The extracts from Emerson's *Letters* and *Journal* bearing on this theme and quoted in this edition are important. The motto, with its controlled ardor and in spite of the contrasting verse movement, inevitably recalls some of Shakespeare's Sonnets, as XXIX, XXX. Comparison is challenged by the famous essays on the same theme by Bacon and by Montaigne. The poetry and fiction of literature constantly offer this subject. The teaching gathered from Thackeray's *Esmond*, Lamb's *Essays*, Milton's poetry in *Comus*, *Lycidas*, and *Paradise Lost*, Tennyson's *In Memoriam* contribute to the appreciation of Emerson's insight and benevolence.

Note 1. Cf. *Macbeth*, II, ii: —

> "Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
> Clean from my hand? No: this my hand will rather
> The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
> Making the green one red."

Note 2. Cf. Milton's *Comus*, l. 5: "The smoke and stir of this dim spot:" l. 7, "Confined and pestered in this pinfold here;" l. 17, "With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould."

Note 3. This should be compared with the doctrine set forth in *Compensation*. The statement is hardly literally true and it requires a careful adjustment of its implications with the teachings of the *Over-Soul* and the larger self in *Self-Reliance* to make

clear the element of truth that it embodies. In the perfect character all qualities help; in the imperfect, they too often hinder. The lover is proverbially bashful, the surgeon may be deserted by his skill if the patient is his own child. It was a wonder that William Tell could shoot the apple on the head of his son, and the story goes that he strengthened his courage and steadied his aim by the thought of the second arrow that he had for the tyrant in case the first went amiss.

NOTE 4. A description of the happiest results in ideal conditions only.

NOTE 5. A rare expression of the quality in Emerson's character described by George E. Woodberry as "a strain of haughtiness."

NOTE 6. The almost sublime height of this isolation from ordinary selfish demands is much more characteristic of Emerson. Affection which requires no return within a thousand years, or the beloved object nearer than a universe off, is peculiarly Emersonian.

NOTE 7. Here is the central thought of this conception of friendship, allying it to all the considerations presented in this group of essays.

NOTE 8. See Milton's *Comus*, l. 47.

NOTE 9. Cf. the point of view in *Self-Reliance*.

NOTE 10. The contraction and expansion of the heart and arteries in propelling the blood in circulation. This passage relates the experience of friendship to the principle of compensation.

NOTE 11. More precisely this should be the skeleton, or more precisely yet, the mummy, given a place at Egyptian banquets as a reminder of mortality.

NOTE 12. This thought should be traced through its elaboration in *Spiritual Laws* and in the essays on Plato and on Swedenborg.

NOTE 13. The spiritual detachment indicated by this energetic phrase is characteristic.

NOTE 14. This characterization of the soul's methods is morally possible only through the agency of the Over-Soul, or the all-encompassing Deity. On any other principle the doctrine is unworthy of Emerson.

NOTE 15. Cf. with the closing sentence of Bacon's *Essay on Friendship*.

NOTE 16. This shows the place of friendship in Emerson's system of compensation.

NOTE 17. The construction of this sentence deserves attention for its dramatic compression.

NOTE 18. This sentence supplies Emerson's reason for all the misadventures of social life. It supplies also his theory of the reasonableness of a discontent with conventional society.

NOTE 19. Cf. J. S. Mill's *On Liberty*, chap. ii.

NOTE 20. See Matthew v, 48: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

NOTE 21. Shakespeare, *Sonnets*, XXV.

NOTE 22. This German compound means literally nature-slowness, and may be compared with Tennyson's phrase in *Locksley Hall*, "the process of the suns."

NOTE 23. See Matthew xi, 12: "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by storm."

NOTE 24. See Shakespeare, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, III, ii, "Lord, what fools these mortals be!"

NOTE 25. This curious figure has the force of a sudden change of pitch and of the homely association it suggests.

NOTE 26. Suggestion of the figures used by T. Carlyle in *Sartor Resartus*.

NOTE 27. Emerson's relations with Carlyle are an interesting commentary on this statement. The two volumes of *Correspondence* afford many side lights on this considered as a practical maxim. It must be remembered, however, that sincerity is an expensive form of self-expression.

NOTE 28. This is an example of Emerson's extreme optimism. Probably the statement is intended to be only approximately true, for Emerson is no stranger to the fact that men deceive themselves and have publics within themselves, before which they play their most elaborate parts.

NOTE 29. This note in the Centenary Edition gives life to this reference: —

"The allusion is to Jones Very, of Salem, a mystic and ascetic, of whom an interesting account is given in Mr. Cabot's *Memoir of Emerson*, vol. i, chapter x, and a fuller one by Mr. W. P. Andrews, in his introduction to *Essays and Poems by Jones Very*. In a letter to Miss Margaret Fuller, written in November, 1838, Mr. Emerson wrote: 'Very has been here lately and stayed a few days, confounding us all with the question whether he was insane. At first sight and speech you would certainly pronounce him so. Talk with him a few hours, and you will think all insane but he. Monomania or monosania, he is a very remarkable person; and though his mind is not in a natural, and probably not in a permanent state, he is a treasure of a companion, and I had with him most memorable conversations.'

"He records that Very said to him: 'I always felt, when I heard you read or speak your writings, that you saw the truth better than others, yet I felt that your spirit was not quite right. It was as if a vein of colder air blew across me.'"

NOTE 30. Probably the term "insanity" is used here to indicate the broken relations with the conventional man that would be the price paid for the experience.

NOTE 31. Cf. Bacon on this subject.

NOTE 32. Montaigne, Bk. I, xxxix.

NOTE 33. See *Social Aims:* "But we are not content with

pantomime; we say, This is only for the eyes. We want real relations of the mind and the heart; we want friendship; we want knowledge; we want virtue; a more inward existence to read the history of each other. Welfare requires one or two companions of intelligence, probity, and grace, to wear out life with, — persons with whom we can speak a few reasonable words every day, by whom we can measure ourselves, and who shall hold us fast to good sense and virtue; and these we are always in search of. He must be inestimable to us to whom we can say what we cannot say to ourselves. Yet now and then we say things to our mates, or hear things from them, which seem to put it out of the power of the parties to be strangers again. 'Either death or a friend,' is a Persian proverb. I suppose I give the experience of many when I give my own. A few times in my life it has happened to me to meet persons of so good a nature and so good breeding that every topic was open and discussed without possibility of offence, — persons who could not be shocked. One of my friends said in speaking of certain associates : 'There is not one of them but I can offend at any moment.' But to the company I am now considering were no terrors, no vulgarity. All topics were broached, — life, love, marriage, sex, hatred, suicide, magic, theism, art, poetry, religion, myself, thyself, all selves and whatever else, with a security and vivacity which belonged to the nobility of the parties and their brave truth. The life of these persons was conducted in the same calm and affirmative manner as their discourse. Life with them was an experiment continually varied, full of results, full of grandeur, and by no means the hot and hurried business which passes in the world."

NOTE 34. See Spenser, *On His Promised Pension;* Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, III, ii; *Merry Wives of Windsor*, V, vi; *Comedy of Errors*, II, ii. Sir Thomas More advised an author who had sent him his manuscript to read "to put it in rhyme." Which being done, Sir Thomas said, "Yea, marry, now it is somewhat, for now it is rhyme; before it was neither rhyme nor reason." (Part of the account in *Familiar Quotations*, Bartlett.)

NOTE 35. Compare the different treatment of conversation to be found in *Social Aims* and note the agency attributed to women.

See also *Discipline:* "We are associated in adolescent and adult life with some friends, who, like skies and waters, are coextensive with our idea; who, answering each to a certain affection of the soul, satisfy our desire on that side; whom we lack power to put at such focal distance from us, that we can mend or even analyze them. He cannot choose but love them. When much intercourse with a friend has supplied us with a standard of excellence, and has increased our respect for the resources of God who thus sends a real person to outgo our ideal; when he has, moreover, become an object of thought, and, whilst his

character retains all its unconscious effect, is converted in the mind into solid and sweet wisdom, — it is a sign to us that his office is closing, and he is commonly withdrawn from our sight in a short time."

NOTE 36. See *Social Aims:* "But there are people who cannot be cultivated, — people on whom speech makes no impression; swainish, morose people, who must be kept down and quieted as you would those who are a little tipsy; others, who are not only swainish, but are prompt to take oath that swainishness is the only culture; and though their odd wit may have some salt for you, your friends would not relish it. Bolt these out. And I have seen a man of genius who made me think that if other men were like him coöperation were impossible. Must we always talk for victory, and never once for truth, for comfort and joy? Here is centrality and penetration, strong understanding, and the higher gifts, the insight of the real, or from the real, and the moral rectitude which belongs to it: but all this and all his resources of wit and invention are lost to me in every experiment that I make to hold intercourse with his mind; always some weary, captious paradox to fight you with, and the time and temper wasted. And beware of jokes; too much temperance cannot be used: inestimable for sauce, but corrupting for food, we go away hollow and ashamed. As soon as the company give in to this enjoyment, we shall have no Olympus. True wit never made us laugh. Mahomet seems to have borrowed by anticipation of several centuries a leaf from the mind of Swedenborg, when he wrote in the Koran: —

"On the day of resurrection, those who have indulged in ridicule will be called to the door of Paradise, and have it shut in their faces when they reach it. Again, on their turning back, they will be called to another door, and again, on reaching it, will see it closed against them; and so on, *ad infinitum*, without end."

NOTE 37. See *Social Aims:* "Manners first, then conversation. Later, we see that as life was not in manners, so it is not in talk. Manners are external; talk is occasional; these require certain material conditions, human labor for food, clothes, house, tools, and, in short, plenty and ease, — since only so can certain finer and finest powers appear and expand. In a whole nation of Hottentots there shall not be one valuable man, — valuable out of his tribe. In every million of Europeans or of Americans there shall be thousands who would be valuable on any spot on the globe."

NOTE 38. This is a famous phrase of Emerson's. Cf. in *Social Aims:* —

"And yet there are trials enough of nerve and character, brave choices enough of taking the part of truth and of the oppressed against the oppressor, in privatest circles. A right speech is not well to be distinguished from action. Courage to ask questions; courage to expose our ignorance. The great

gain is, not to shine, not to conquer your companion, — then you learn nothing but conceit, — but to find a companion who knows what you do not; to tilt with him and be overthrown, horse and foot, with utter destruction of all your logic and learning. There is a defeat that is useful."

NOTE 39. See *Uses of Great Men:* "Men who know the same things are not long the best company for each other."

NOTE 40. See George Colman, the younger, *Sylvester Daggerwood, or New Hay at the Old Market*, sc. i: "I had a soul above buttons."

NOTE 41. This is the outcome of the principles set forth in *The Over-Soul*, *Circles*, *Compensation*, and *Heroism*. It is the generalization that underlies the series of illustrations that Emerson found in men and events. Cf. Milton's *Comus*.

NOTE 42. Cf. *Social Aims*, where the intrusive visitor is treated of.

NOTE 43. Cf. *Hamlet*, I, ii: "Would I had met my dearest foe in Heaven!"

NOTE 44. Emerson had other moods than this. See his poem, *The Amulet:* —

> "Your picture smiles as first it smiled;
> The ring you gave is still the same:
> Your letter tells, O changing child!
> No tidings *since* it came.
>
> "Give me an amulet
> That keeps intelligence with you, —
> Red when you love, and rosier red,
> And when you love not, pale and blue.
>
> "Alas! that neither bonds nor vows
> Can certify possession;
> Torments me still the fear that love
> Died in its last expression."

NOTE 45. Another example of Emerson's interest in the literature of legal and ethical distinctions.

NOTE 46. See Kipling in *The Light that Failed:* "Be still and hear the desert talk."

NOTE 47. See *Social Aims:* "Of course those people, and no others, interest us, who believe in their thought, who are absorbed, if you please to say so, in their own dream. They only can give the key and leading to better society: those who delight in each other only because both delight in the eternal laws; who forgive nothing to each other; who, by their joy and homage to these, are made incapable of conceit, which destroys almost all the fine wits. Any other affection between men than this geometric one of relation to the same thing, is a mere mush of materialism."

NOTE 48. Cf. Tennyson's *Ulysses:* —

"That which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will.
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

NOTE 49. The use of this suggestion from electrical science is peculiarly vivid.

NOTE 50. See a similar treatment of this theme in *Social Aims*.

NOTE 51. Such sentences as these represent the teaching known as transcendental. The essays *Aristocracy* and *Nominalist and Realist* illustrate some of the contributing principles. See also the concluding sentences of *Nature:* —

"The world is mind precipitated, and the volatile essence is forever escaping again into the state of free thought. Hence the virtue and pungency of the influence on the mind of natural objects, whether inorganic or organized. Man imprisoned, man crystallized, man vegetative, speaks to man impersonated. That power which does not respect quantity, which makes the whole and the particle its equal channel, delegates its smile to the morning, and distils its essence into every drop of rain. Every moment instructs, and every object; for wisdom is infused into every form. It has been poured into us as blood; it convulsed us as pain; it slid into us as pleasure; it enveloped us in dull, melancholy days, or in days of cheerful labor; we did not guess its essence until after a long time."

It is possible that Emerson never said his last word on friendship. It was a subject that occupied his thoughts always more or less and upon which he never felt that he had satisfied himself. Indeed if such a term could be used of his serene and ample spirit, friendship was something about which he was a little uneasy. This means that Emerson was a kind man as well as a thinker and that his philosophy was not a veneer to his feelings. But the essay on *Friendship* is not his best essay nor most characteristic of his genius. Possibly it is the most widely known of his essays and undoubtedly has influenced readers who have found little else in his work that was congenial. To the confirmed reader of Emerson, this essay is a sort of *crux*. To it he returns; to its incompleteness and wise silences he confesses his indebtedness. The best commentary on it is all that Emerson wrote, particularly the *Poems*, and of these "Terminus" is indispensable.

"As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:
'Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed.'"

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